

✓

THE
ANNALS OF IOWA,

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE

State Historical Society,

AT

IOWA CITY.

1868.

EDITED BY
SANFORD W. HUFF, M. D.,
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Vol. VI.

DAVENPORT:

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF LUSE & GRIGGS.

T E
ANNALS OF IOWA,

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE

Iowa State Historical Society,

AT

IOWA CITY.

EDITED BY

SANFORD W. HUFF, M. D.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

VOLUME VII---1869.

DAVENPORT:

GRIGGS, WATSON & DAY,
PRINTERS.



Samuel Merrill

COL. SAMUEL MERRILL.

ANNALS OF IOWA.

VOL. VI. IOWA CITY, JANUARY, 1868. No. I.

THE ARMY OF THE SOUTH-WEST, AND THE FIRST CAMPAIGN IN ARKANSAS.

BY SAM'L PRENTIS CURTIS,

BREVET CAPTAIN AND AID-DE-CAMP TO MAJOR GENERAL CURTIS.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

(Continued from page 933.)

VANDEVER.

"HEADQUARTERS, 2D BRIGADE, 4TH DIVISION, }
CAMP STEVENS, ARKANSAS, MARCH 13TH, 1862. }

COL. E. A. CARR, *Commanding 4th Division.*

COLONEL—On the morning of the 4th inst. I left Camp Halleck, at Cross Hollows, in command of an expedition in the direction of Huntsville. The forces consisted of three hundred and fifty of the Iowa 9th Infantry, one hundred and fifty from Col. Phelps' Missouri Regiment, one Battalion of the 3d Illinois Cavalry, one section of the Dubuque Light Artillery, and one section of Bowen's Mountain Howitzers. We prosecuted the march and arrived at Huntsville at noon on the 5th, without incident. A portion of the enemy's stores were captured at their camp three miles beyond Huntsville, and several prisoners taken. From the prisoners I obtained information that the enemy were advancing in the direction of our lines for the purpose of attack, which information I immediately transmitted to headquarters, and then prepared to retrace my steps. On the same evening I moved out of Huntsville and camped three miles distant. At 2 o'clock in the morning I received your order to return and rejoin the main body at Sugar Creek, and at 3½ o'clock resumed my line of march, and at dusk the same evening arrived in camp, having accomplished a forced march of forty miles in a single day. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon officers and men for energy and perseverance in surmounting the difficulties of their long and painful march.

On the morning of the seventh being aroused by the sound of firing in the direction of Elk Horn Tavern, in obedience to your order, I moved up my brigade, consisting of the 9th regiment of Iowa Volunteers, Col. Phelps' regiment of Missouri Volunteers, and the Dubuque Light Artillery; the 3d Illinois Cavalry

having already been ordered to observe the enemy. Upon arriving at the Elk-Horn Tavern, the artillery immediately took position near the main road and opened a brisk fire, the infantry forming mainly on the left, Col. Dodge's Brigade being to the right. Soon after, my whole line of infantry was briskly engaged with the enemy, who fell back, we pushing forward and driving them until met by an overpowering force. The infantry then resumed the position in advance of the Elk-Horn Tavern, where the enemy was first encountered, and retained it during most of the day against greatly superior odds, a part of the time being supported by a battalion of the 8th Indiana under Lieut. Col. Shunk, which however, was soon withdrawn and sent to the support of Col. Dodge. Toward evening the enemy having concentrated a heavy fire of artillery and infantry upon our position, and to avoid the chance of being flanked during the night, I fell back to a line of timber and formed on the right of the main road. Here Lieut. Col. Shunk again joined me, and we remained in line resting upon our arms until near morning, when I again moved to the road and formed on the left of Col. Dodge's brigade.

Soon after sunrise the fire of our artillery again opened upon the enemy, and he replied with vigor. At this point, finding ourselves exposed to a raking fire from one of the enemy's batteries on our right, we changed direction to the east. About this time the 1st division coming into position on our left, we joined in the general advance upon the enemy, the whole cavalry force participating, and the artillery co-operating. The enemy here broke into disorder and the fortune of the day was decided in our favor.

I cannot close this account without bearing testimony to the coolness, bravery and steadiness of all the troops under my command. Col. Phelps was especially active in leading his command, and inspired them by his own example to deeds of bravery. Of Lieut. Col. Herron commanding the 9th Iowa, too much cannot be said. He was foremost in leading his men, and with coolness and bravery never excelled, rallied them to repeated acts of daring and bravery. Unfortunately at the close of the day on the seventh, his horse was killed under him, and he being disabled by the fall, was captured by the enemy. Major Coyl also of the 9th Iowa, acted with distinguished bravery until disabled by a painful wound, when he was compelled reluctantly to leave the field.

I deem it but just to add that every officer of my command was prompt and ready in the discharge of duty throughout the action, inspiring their men by example to acts of determined bravery. Lieut. Asher Riley, my acting Assistant Adjutant General, deserves particular mention. Upon the fall of Capt. Dripps and Lieut. Kelsey of Company A, 9th regiment, both distinguished for their bravery, Lieut. Riley gallantly took command of the company, and remained with it to the end of the action. Capt. Carpenter and Lieut. Jones of Co. "B," distinguished themselves by leading their company into the face of an overpowering force of the enemy, and recapturing one of our guns and a caisson. Lieut. Tisdale of Company "F," deserves especial mention for his gallantry while in command of the company after the fall of Capt. Towner and Lieut. Neff, both of whom acted with distinguished bravery until disabled by painful wounds. Capt. Bull of Company "C," was particularly distinguished for his coolness and bravery; also Lieut. Baker of Company "E" and Capt. Washburn and Lieut.

Beebe of Company "G." Lieuts. Crane and McGee of Company "D," Capt. Moore and Lieut. McKenzie of Company "H," Capt. Carscaddon and Lieut. Claflin of Company "K," were conspicuous for bravery. Capt. Drips of Company "A" and Capt. Bevins of Company "E," fell mortally wounded while gallantly leading and cheering their men. Company "I" was commanded by Lieut. Fellows, whose conduct is deserving of great praise. Many instances of special gallantry occurred among non-commissioned officers and men. Where all did their duty so nobly and so well, distinction would be invidious.

I desire also, to call your especial attention to the Dubuque Light Artillery, under command of Capt. M. M. Hayden, whose report is appended. Capt. Hoyden and every officer of this battery acquitted themselves with the highest credit. They bore the hottest fire of the enemy with coolness and intrepidity; the men under the skilful lead of Capt. Hayden, performing duty with cheerfulness and alacrity, and never faltering. He mentions special instances of bravery in his report hereto appended, to which I would call special attention.

Numerous instances of individual bravery occurred during the trying events of the battle, which I cannot mention. I can only say that I feel deeply indebted to every officer and man of my command for the heroic manner in which they have acquitted themselves. They did their duty nobly.

I am Colonel, very respectfully, your ob't servant,

WM. VANDEVER, of 9th Iowa Vols.,

Commanding 2d Brigade, 4th Division."

BUSSEY.

"HEADQUARTERS 3D IOWA CAVALRY, }
PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS, MARCH 14TH, 1862. }

MAJ. GEN. SAMUEL R. CURTIS, Comd'g Army of the South-West,

SIR—I have to report in compliance with orders received from you. I, on the morning of the 7th inst. proceeded with Companies "A," "B," "C," "D" and "M," of the 3d Iowa Cavalry, under command of Lieut. Col. Trimble, numbering 235 men and officers: the Benton Hussars under command of Col. Nemett; four companies of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, under command of Col. Ellis; two companies of the Fremont Hussars, under command of Lieut. Howe, and three guns of Capt. Elbert's Battery, from your camp towards Leetown, to attack the advancing column of the enemy; myself and the force under my command, acting in connection with the infantry and artillery of Gen. Osterhaus' brigade, and subject to his command.

My column left camp in advance of the other force of Gen. Osterhaus at about half-past nine o'clock A. M., and proceeded cautiously west about a mile and a half to a large open field beyond Leetown, and which was about one-fourth of a mile wide from east to west, and running south about two miles, but which was intersected by fences dividing it into small fields. The field first entered by my force was surrounded on the east, north and west, by a thick woods of small oaks and underbrush.

Here I sent two companies of the 1st Missouri Cavalry to reconnoitre the woods surrounding this field. At about the same time, about two miles to the

south the wagon train of the enemy could be seen moving in the direction of Bentonville.

As my immediate command was proceeding across this field in a westerly course, Gen. Osterhaus in person overtook us, and immediately ordered the three guns to the front, they having up to this time been in rear of the 1st Missouri and 3d Iowa Cavalry. We advanced in this new order across the field and entered the woods on the west side by a narrow road going west. Following this road about one-fourth of a mile, we came upon a small prairie extending three hundred yards west and about one hundred and fifty yards wide to the north. On the south open fields under fence, extending for one-fourth of a mile to the west. This prairie was surrounded on the north and west by timber and low brush. At this point we came in full view of the enemy's cavalry passing along about one-half mile distant to the north.

No other force being discovered, the three guns were immediately advanced by Gen. Osterhaus, who was present and in command, about two hundred yards, and immediately opened fire on the cavalry of the enemy on the road to the north-west. One company of the 1st Missouri Cavalry was in line of battle on the left of the guns, and one company of the same troop on the right. The companies of the 3d Iowa Cavalry were formed in line of battle in rear of the guns parallel with the road, and facing to the north. While forming the Benton Hussars in line on the right of the 3d Iowa Cavalry, and facing the west, I was ordered by Gen. Osterhaus to send two companies of the 3d Iowa Cavalry down the road to the west, to charge the enemy's line at a point supposed to be about a half mile distant. This order was communicated by me to Lieut. Col. Trimble, who immediately advanced with columns of fours, which was necessary, the road leading along a fence on the south, and thick brush and woods being on the north.

The Benton Hussars were now in line of battle about one hundred yards to the right and rear of the battery of three guns, and the Fremont Hussars were yet in columns of fours at the edge of the prairie, having just arrived on the ground. The 3d Iowa Cavalry galloped down the road and going beyond the edge of the woods or timber on the west side of the prairie, they unexpectedly found themselves in front of several lines of infantry, heretofore unseen, and who were drawn up in line to the front and right of our men at short musket range. This large force, I afterwards learned from rebel officers who were taken prisoners, was the Division of McCulloch, McIntosh and Pike, and consisted of several regiments of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas troops, who were concentrating there evidently intending to attack your camp from the direction of Leetown. The companies of the 3d Iowa Cavalry were immediately wheeled into line facing the enemy, it being impossible for them to advance in column further, when they at once received a deadly fire from the rear, from overwhelming numbers of the foe, who were also partly concealed and protected by the woods and brush. A large number of my men and horses were here killed and wounded, and Lieut. Col. Trimble at the head of the column was severely wounded in the head. This fire was returned by the 3d Iowa Cavalry from their revolvers, with considerable effect.

Just at this moment a large force of the enemy's cavalry charged from the north upon different portions of our cavalry line, and passing through the line went into the fields in our rear. The 3d Iowa Cavalry now charged this cavalry force, and an exciting running cavalry fight ensued between these forces, the enemy fleeing and being pursued by my men to the south. The enemy was followed in this direction by the 3d Iowa Cavalry alone to the brush on the other side of the large open fields. The loss of the enemy in this running fight was very heavy, and estimated by me from the most reliable information I have been able to obtain, at eighty-two.

In this same charge of the enemy's cavalry, a portion of them came in the direction of the three guns, and the companies of the 1st Missouri Cavalry being compelled to give way, I ordered the Benton Hussars to charge, which they failed to do, but fell back. The Fremont Hussars being in rear and not in position, were compelled to give way. The guns were thus left unsupported and were taken by the enemy and burned.

These cavalry forces failing to rally, fell back through the woods to the large open field through which we had just marched, when they met the infantry and artillery of Gen. Osterhaus, in line of battle. Being left on the field of the first action without any force, the cavalry in reserve having failed to obey my orders, I followed to the open field, where I found two companies of the 1st Missouri cavalry being formed in line by Maj. Hubbard. After seeing the cavalry mentioned in line, I sent Adj. Noble, who had remained with me on the field during the whole time, to bring up the companies of the 3d Iowa Cavalry to our new position, they having pursued the enemy through the fields as above stated, and not yet made their appearance. He soon returned with all the companies, having met them coming in perfect order to the place desired, the companies having returned towards the camping ground. Maj. Perry being in command, Lieut. Col. Trimble having been wounded early in the engagement, as heretofore mentioned.

The enemy immediately advanced to the western edge of the field in which our new position was taken, when a general engagement ensued. At this time I ordered the 1st Missouri Cavalry to take position on the extreme left in the woods which was on the East of our main position. A force of the enemy made their appearance here evidently attempting to turn our left flank. I sent the 3d Iowa Cavalry to support Col. Ellis. When our force appeared the enemy withdrew, and were followed by Col. Ellis about two miles and did not again show themselves in this quarter. The Benton Hussars and Fremont Hussars having reformed, remained on the field to the left of the batteries until the close of the engagement; having, however, been several times sent to ascertain the position of the enemy. This duty they performed satisfactorily.

The 3d Iowa Cavalry were then formed in line of battle immediately in rear of the artillery, and maintained their position until the close of the action, when they were ordered to conduct a battery to reinforce Gen. Carr, who was still engaged on the right. I went with them, leaving the remainder of the cavalry force under command of Gen. Osterhaus. This was at 5 o'clock P. M.

The accompanying report of the killed, missing and wounded of the 3d Iowa

Cavalry, is hereby referred to as a part of this report. The loss of the other forces will be reported to you by their immediate commanders.

The three guns after falling into the hands of the enemy were not spiked nor taken from the field, and have been recovered, except the carriages, which had been burned as heretofore mentioned.

On reporting to Gen. Carr in pursuance of the order requiring me to do so, my companies took position on the right in rear of our batteries, where we remained until after the darkness of the night closed the action of the seventh.

On the morning of the 8th pursuant to orders, I went with my command, now being the five companies of the 3d Iowa Cavalry, into the field on the road leading to the Elk-Horn Tavern, and was there ordered to take position on the right flank, where the enemy was expected to attack. This position was held by my command with other cavalry forces, until the retreat of the enemy after the middle of the day.

In pursuance of your direct order, my command at 2 o'clock P. M., started in pursuit of the enemy towards Keetsville, on the road leading east, and continued to be thus engaged until night. I took fifty-nine prisoners with some horses and arms on this expedition. Among the prisoners was Maj. Rucker, 1st Missouri Volunteers, who was slightly wounded.

On the morning of the 9th, I proceeded in command of the 3d Iowa Cavalry companies, Bowen's Cavalry, with four pieces of mountain howitzers, and one battalion of 1st Missouri Cavalry, under command of Maj. Hubbard, on the road to Bentonville. After advancing on the Bentonville road about six miles, I found where the enemy had encamped the night before, in large force. We followed on until I reached Bentonville, near which place we overtook a party of the cavalry of the enemy, who fired upon us and fled. My advanced guard pursued, killing one man. We reached Bentonville at 2 o'clock P. M., and entered the town. Seeing a small party of cavalry at some distance beyond the town in the brush, I ordered Maj. Bowen to fire on them with the howitzers. Two shots were fired, the enemy retreating in great haste. Here we learned the enemy in force had left the town a few hours before our arrival, taking the road leading to Elm Springs. The horses of my command having been for three days without anything to eat, it was not possible to pursue the enemy further, therefore having seen to the wounded who had been left in the town, and remained a short time, I returned to camp.

There was taken on this expedition about fifty prisoners, with some horses and arms. This march, close upon the heels of a force largely superior in number to our own, was not unattended with great risk, and I have to express my admiration for the promptness with which my commands were obeyed by all the troops, and for their general good soldierly conduct.

In conclusion, I beg leave to express my satisfaction with the conduct of my own men, who, in their first action having been the first and most directly of the cavalry forces engaged with the enemy, and suffered a severe loss from a near and unexpected fire, yet evinced great coolness and courage in their attack upon the foe. And although the loss of my command is greater in proportion to my force than perhaps any other engaged, being twenty-four killed, seventeen

wounded, and nine missing out of two hundred and thirty-five men and officers, yet it was retaliated upon the rebels by a loss to them of double the number.

You will perceive eight of my men were scalped. That their brave comrades fighting in support of our national banner, the emblem of all that is good and great in the present civilization of the world, should thus be butchered and mangled by rebel savages, has excited among my men an indignation that will, I assure you, exhibit itself on every field where they may in future be allowed to engage the enemy in a relentless determination to put down the flag that calls to its support bands of rapacious and murdering Indian mercenaries.

I have to acknowledge valuable assistance rendered me on the 7th by Adjutant John W. Noble, who acted that day as my aid, and of the officers who came under my notice. I mention Capt. T. I. McKenny, Asst. Adj. General of your staff, whose conduct was that of a General, and a brave one, and whose valuable service contributed in my opinion much to the success of our arms at the battle of Leetown.

Very Respectfully, your ob't servant,

CYRUS BUSSEY, Col. 3d Iowa Cavalry.

The loss of the 3d Cavalry Iowa Volunteers, in action, 235; killed, 24; (eight scalped); wounded, 17; missing, 9; total, 50

The killed were buried on Saturday after the battle was over, and the pursuit ended. Hearing it reported by our men that several of the killed had been found scalped, I had the dead exhumed, and on personal examination of the bodies, I found that it was a fact beyond dispute, that eight of the killed of my command, had been scalped, and the bodies of many of them showed unmistakable evidence that the men had been murdered after they were wounded; that first having fallen in the charge from bullet wounds, they were afterwards pierced through the heart and neck with knives by a savage and relentless foe. I then had the bodies reburied, each in a separate grave, properly marked.

By order of

CYRUS BUSSEY, Colonel.

J. W. NOBLE, Adjutant."

CHAPTER NINTH.

REPORTS OF REGIMENTAL AND OTHER OFFICERS.

WESTON.

"PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL OF THE ARMY, }
HEADQUARTERS, LYON LEGION, 24TH MO. VOLS. }

Brig. Gen. S. R. CURTIS, Comd'g Army in the field :

I have the honor to transmit the following report of the part taken by my command in the late action of the 7th and 8th instants.

We were encamped at what is known as the Elk-Horn Tavern. On the evening previous to the conflict I had placed cavalry pickets on the Huntsville and on a cross road leading into the Springfield and Bentonville road, supported by infantry. I should here remark that I had two companies of cavalry attached to my command, to-wit: "Co. G," commanded by Capt. Barber Lewis of the 1st Missouri Cavalry, and "Co. M," commanded by Capt. Jas. H. O'Connor of the

3d Illinois Cavalry. About 3 o'clock the morning of the engagement, Private Welch of "Co. M," 3d Illinois Cavalry, while on duty near the Bentonville road, was captured by a party of rebel cavalry. While on the road to the rebel camp, he suddenly turned into a by-road and fortunately escaped minus his arms. In the meantime my pickets reported a force moving around us on our left flank. I immediately ordered "Co. F" of my battalion commanded by Capt. S. P. Barnes, together with my two companies of cavalry to go out on the cross-road and reconnoitre the enemy and ascertain if possible their strength. They proceeded to do as ordered, and on arriving near our picket ground they discovered a small force of rebel cavalry, who, upon their approach fell back through a field and copse of timber. Capt. Barnes dividing his company sent Lieut. Hart to the right and went to the left himself, the cavalry keeping up the centre, they followed them a short distance, gave them one or two volleys which caused them to disperse and disappear. The whole then returned to camp. I soon learned of a force approaching on the Cassville road. I immediately sent "Co. B," commanded by Capt. R. W. Fyan, down the road with instructions to take them in, supposing them to be the same scouting party before alluded to at the cross-roads, and arriving near the Tavern. Capt. Fyan discovering the force to be larger than before anticipated, sent back to be reinforced. I immediately sent him "Cos. I and H," under command of Lieut. Lyons of "Co. H," to his assistance; at the same time ordering out the two remaining "Cos. A and F," to be in readiness, and sent "Co. K," Capt. J. R. Van Sant, with my train and forty prisoners then in charge, to the extreme rear. At this time receiving information that the enemy were on our left and steadily moving round to our right, I deployed the second platoon together with "Co. A" on the high hill to the left, and the first platoon together with "Co. F," to the right, as skirmishers. My entire command being now engaged, I waited patiently for the result of what was yet to be. After waiting anxiously for an hour or more, I was somewhat relieved by the appearance of Acting Brigadier General Carr and his Division. I then drew in my companies of infantry that were deployed as skirmishers on the right, and took a position on the extreme left of the Division, bordering on the base of the hill, and "Co. F" down the ravine, making down from the house, holding this position for two hours or more. My men being in range of the enemy's battery, their ranks gradually being thinned and the infantry of the enemy slowly closing in upon them with greatly superior numbers, I ordered them to my main lines. I then took a position in line of battle on the brow of the hill, and deployed Lieut. Hart and twenty men to the cone of the hill. This position I held until forced to retire with the 9th Iowa, under a raking fire of a vastly superior number of the enemy's fresh troops.

After falling back some distance, I again formed my battalion, and the field officers of the 9th Iowa Volunteers, all being absent or wounded, (Col. Vandever commanding a Brigade,) I assisted in forming them. Col. Vandever then coming up took command of the Brigade and moved the Brigade by the right flank to the right of the road. I here halted my battalion in support of a battery, there stationed in the open field. This position I held until the close of the day; when I then returned to camp, where were the remainder of my Provost

Guard. My two cavalry companies Capt. O'Connor and Lewis were doing very efficient service during the day, scouting and skirmishing, ascertaining movements of the enemy, &c. They executed all my orders promptly, and with a zeal and gallantry highly praiseworthy; and I would be glad had I time and space to give particulars of some of their daring exploits.

I must not omit to mention that quite early in the morning I sent out my Quartermaster Lieut. L. G. Fritz with one of my own and one each of the cavalry companies' wagons foraging, with a guard under Lieut Moore of "Co. G," 1st Missouri Cavalry. I regret to say that although Lieuts. Fritz and Moore and one or two of the guard escaped, that the wagons loaded with forage also the teams with several of the guard were captured by the enemy's cavalry; however they did not succeed in getting all the wagons away, as on the evening of the 8th, I found one of my wagons minus the team (four mules) in a ravine to the right of the road below the blacksmith-shop. On the evening of the 8th inst., receiving no special orders to repair to the battle-field, and having a large number of prisoners in charge, I remained with my command in camp in charge of the prisoners.

There are several officers and men whom I desire to mention, particularly for the gallant deeds of skill and bravery. Capt. T. A. Reed of "Co. A," exhibited great bravery and coolness, maintaining his position assigned him in the morning two or three hours, with but few men against great odds. Capt. R. W. Fyan also, displayed the greatest skill and courage as an officer, executing all orders with calmness and precision. Capt. Barnes and Lieut. Hart of "Co. G," were of great service to me indeed as skirmishers, and their part could not have been acted better by the most veteran soldier. Lieut. Lyon, commanding "Cos. I and II," held his companies to their post under a raking fire of the enemy, and was among the last to retire from his position. Lieut. Lyon is a gallant young officer, and acted his part nobly. Lieut. Robeson of "Co. A," conducted himself bravely, and displayed great coolness and ardor for a contest with the enemy. I am also highly pleased with Capt. Van Sant, for his service of taking charge of the prisoners and my train. I desire to mention Sergt. Maj. A. A. Harrison, as showing much bravery, and private Collins of "Co. F," and would be glad if I had time and space to mention others.

I desire to take this opportunity of speaking of Adjutant J. C. S. Colby, and to tender him my thanks for his efficient services in carrying orders from point to point, which he did with alacrity and with the least possible concern for his personal safety. In short, my whole command behaved with remarkable coolness, and obeyed my orders promptly and to the letter.

Our loss sustained is as follows, viz: 4 killed, 13 badly wounded, 3 slightly, 10 missing; for particulars of which, I refer you to company commanders reports, which I herewith transmit.

ELI W. WESTON,

Major Comdg. 24th Mo. Vols., Provost Marshal General S. W. D.

BOWEN—COMMANDING CURTIS' BODY GUARD.

HEADQUARTERS BOWEN'S BATTALION CAVALRY, }
 PEA RIDGE, ARK., March 10th, 1862. }

GENERAL—In pursuance of General Orders, dated Headquarters Rolla, Mo., Jan. 25th, 1862, this command with four mountain howitzers attached, under charge of Capt. Stevens, "Co. B," acting as body guard to Brig. Gen. Curtis, took up the line of march for Lebanon, Mo., which point was reached without any incident worthy of comment on the 29th inst., where the command encamped.

On the 10th of February, 1862, in pursuance of general orders dated Headquarters Army of the South-West, Lebanon, Mo., this command moved toward Springfield. On the 12th inst. our advance saw and fired on the enemy's pickets. My command was ordered to the front, which was rapidly gained, where I immediately opened with the howitzers on a heavy picket of the enemy, concealed partially from view by the thick brush. After two rounds the rebels disappeared. At 8 P. M., the camp was alarmed by heavy firing in the front: my command was rapidly pushed forward to the scene of action, but the rebels were already repulsed.

On the 14th, whilst in advance, came suddenly upon the rebel camp; threw ten shells in the camp, killing fifteen and wounded 9. Finding the enemy were trying to outflank us and being so far from the main army, we fell back to camp. To-day took thirty prisoners, amongst them the notorious Col. Freeman.

On the 16th about 3 A. M., sent out ten men under command of Lieut. Ballou, "Co. C," and Sergt. Maj. Evans, to reconnoitre the position of the rebels; they found that the whole force had retreated some time before. About 12 M., came up with the enemy's rear guard concealed by the brush in the cross timbers. Commenced throwing shells amongst them, then advanced our battery to within two hundred yards of their position and threw cannister into their ranks, when they fled. The prisoners taken at this place, state that their loss was heavy from our shell and cannister.

On the 17th, came up to the enemy's reinforcements, opened fire with the howitzers from the valley, when the cavalry were ordered to advance. We formed the centre of the column, moved up with the guns to within two hundred yards of the enemy's battery; after firing a few rounds we retired, together with the cavalry; advanced again and maintained the position till our place was filled by one of the heavy batteries. Two guns only were used, the other two being in the rear.

On the 22d, detached two mountain howitzers under command of Lieut. Madison and "Co. B," cavalry, Capt. Ing, to join an expedition under Col. Vandever, to Huntsville, Ark. Detachment returned to camp on the evening of the 6th.

On the 7th, formed my command for battle at 12 M., according to orders, took two guns under Lieut. Madison and "Co. C," Capt. Benteen; reported to Acting Brig. Carr, who instructed me to take position on the road between the 9th Iowa and the 24th Missouri. After firing twenty-four rounds my pack caissons were exhausted and I fell back. Having re-supplied myself with ammuni-

tion, took post about three hundred yards to the left of my former position, and threw spherical case shot into the ranks of the enemy, until finding their heavy guns had our range, we fell back. The ensuing day Capt. Williams with "Co. D," pursued the enemy some four miles, taking ten prisoners and capturing a wagon and a number of horses.

On the 9th according to orders from Gen. Curtis, this command reported to Col. Bussey. The 3d Iowa Cavalry proceeded to Bentonville, attacked the rear of the enemy, threw two shells into their force, captured several horses and took a number of prisoners. The command returned to camp about 8 P. M.

I have the honor to enclose herewith, a list of the killed, wounded and missing of this command since 26th January, 1862.

Respectfully,

WM. D. BOWEN, Comdg. Bat. Cavalry.

To GEN. CURTIS, Comdg. Army of the South-West.

CONRAD'S EXPEDITION.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BATTALION 3D REGT. MO. VOLS., }
CAMP WELFLEY, ARK., March 13th, 1862. }

To BRIG. GEN. FRANZ SIGEL, Comd. 1st and 2d Divisions:

GENERAL—Pursuant to your orders dated Camp M'Kreisick, March 3d, 1862, I left camp on the morning of the 4th, my command consisting of two companies of the 17th, one of the 12th, one of the 3d, one of the 15th Missouri Volunteers, and one company of the 36th Illinois Volunteers, one section of Capt. Welfley's Howitzers, and thirty Fremont and thirty Benton Hussars. Proceeding in a south-western direction, I marched along Flint Creek until within three miles of Lindsey's Prairie, where I camped the night of the fourth. Starting at 7 o'clock A. M. on the 5th, I still continued in the same direction until striking the State Line road, whence I turned north towards Maysville, sending my Adj. Lademan ahead with eight Fremont Hussars to arrest Mr. Ginter, a notorious secessionist. He met with seven discharged soldiers of Gen. Price's army, and charging upon them, he captured five after a long chase. My guides not being well acquainted with that section of country, I marched some ten miles out of my way, arriving at Camp Walker towards evening, where I met Capt. Kielmansegge of your staff, who had the order that my command should either proceed to Pineville or return to camp. The infantry being very tired, we camped that night in the building of the Vegetarian Society one mile east of Camp Walker.

In the night at 12 o'clock Capt. Kielmansegge proceeded to Pineville, his command consisting of my cavalry, one piece of artillery, and twenty men of infantry hauled on a wagon.

At 7 o'clock in the morning of the 6th, I received the order to immediately return to camp as the enemy was approaching. I instantly moved forward on the Maysville and Bentonville road, and at 11 o'clock A. M. about twelve miles from Bentonville I received your orders, dated Bentonville, March 6th, 10 o'clock A. M., informing me to march to Miser's farm and Water's mill, and from there

proceed to Putson's Hill. I marched on about six miles and then turned to the left, the guide knowing a nearer road to Miser's farm. I had proceeded only about four miles when I heard the report of cannons in the direction of Bentonville, and afterwards was rejoined by the six Benton Hussars that had fetched to me your latest orders. It was then 3 o'clock P. M. They had passed Water's mill and got to Sugar Creek Hollow, when they met two of the enemy and disarmed them. They had only proceeded a short distance, when suddenly they beheld two thousand of the enemy's cavalry. They immediately turned round and reported the circumstances to me, being obliged to leave the prisoners behind. I went across the hills and struck Pineville road endeavoring to go round the enemy and join you at Putson Hill if possible. I followed that road up to McCulloch's Hollow, where I turned to the right and marched along the State Line. I could only proceed two miles in that direction because there was the only water, and the men were too fatigued to go any further, having marched thirty miles that day.

I started again at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, gaining Pea Ridge and turning off to the left, I arrived at Shell's mill at 9 o'clock A. M.; at 12 o'clock I got to a little creek four miles from Keetsville on the Keetsville and Pineville road, where I had to halt, the exhaustion of the men not permitting any further marching.

From there I proceeded in company with Lient Clever, Doctor Brunswick, and some eight cavalry to the Fayetteville road to reconnoitre. We had proceeded as far as the tanyard, where the road to Bentonville turns off to the right. There we suddenly came upon the enemy's pickets, taking them prisoners, when presently I beheld large numbers of the enemy coming down the Bentonville road. I at once turned round to retrace my way to the camp, being eagerly pursued by the enemy's cavalry. I now knew that I was in the rear of the enemy, and knowing also the distance between the tanyard and Putson's Hill, I saw that it was impossible for my worn-out men to force a passage. I therefore concluded to retreat upon the nearest post, to give my men rest, and reinforce the garrison, and at 5 o'clock P. M. I again moved forward to Keetsville, and from there to Cassville. In Keetsville I halted an hour waiting to escort a train of nine wagons that had endeavored to join Col. Davis' command, and was greatly harrassed by the enemy. I arrived in Cassville at 11 o'clock P. M., remaining there on the 8th, I received three days provisions, only having three days rations along when I started.

On Sunday the 9th, I again moved forward under command of Col. C. Wright, 6th Missouri Cavalry, the whole force consisting of my command, one hundred and fifty of Col. Wright's Cavalry, and some three hundred infantry, that got in from Springfield the night previous with a train. That morning I rejoined your command at Keetsville.

In four days my command marched a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. The following is my loss: 7 privates of 12th Missouri, 8 of "Co. A," 17 Missouri, and 13 of "Co. B," 15th Missouri Volunteers; these men not being able or willing to stay with the command, were picked up by the pursuing enemy.

I remain yours respectfully,

JOSEPH CONRAD,
Major commanding expedition.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF IOWA.

BY CHARLES NEGUS.

[Continued from page 940.]

This trading post was located on Leech Lake in $47^{\circ} 16' 13''$ north latitude, and is described by Gen. Pike as being built on the lake shore, and having an inclosed garden of fifteen acres, a square stockade of one hundred and fifty feet, the pickets being sixteen feet in length, three feet under, and thirteen feet above the ground, and bound together with horizontal bars—"and at the west and east angles are square bastions pierced for fire-arms."

The main building of the establishment was sixty by twenty-five feet on the ground, and a story and a half high, with cellar under the whole building. On the west of this house was a range of buildings fifty-four feet long and eighteen wide, and on the east was another fifty feet long and eighteen wide. These buildings were divided off into various rooms, to suit the convenience of the establishment; and within the inclosure in front of the main building, was a flag staff fifty feet high, on which was waving a British flag.

On the 12th of February, Pike, accompanied by McGillis and three other men, made a journey of thirty miles to another establishment of the North-west Company, situated on Red Cedar Lake. This post is situated a little north of east of the one occupied by McGillis at the northern extremity of Red Cedar Lake, in latitude $47^{\circ} 38'$; and "may be called the upper source of the Mississippi, being fifteen miles above Little Lake Winipie and the extent of canoe navigation, and only two leagues to the source of the Hudson Bay waters."

This trading post was at that time occupied by a Mr. Roy, a Canadian, and his wife, a Chippewa squaw, who received their guests very kindly, and treated them with the greatest hospitality their circumstances would permit.

At this time there was in the employment of the Company at their various posts, one hundred and nine men, besides

twenty-nine Indian women and fifty children, being the families of those living in the Indian country.

On the 14th they returned to the post on Leech Lake, and prepared to hold a council with the Indians. Pike raised the American flag in the fort—"the English yacht still flying at the top of the flag staff." He directed the Indians and his riflemen to shoot at it, "who soon broke the iron pin to which it was fastened, and brought it to the ground."

On the 16th a sufficient number of the Indians having arrived, the council was convened, and Pike opened it with a lengthy speech, telling them for what purpose he had visited them, and wished them to make peace with the neighboring nations, and that in the future they should look to the United States for protection, and demanded that they should give up their British flags and medals to him, promising to send them American ones in their place. He also urged that they should send down to St. Louis with him a delegation to meet with the chiefs of other nations, for the purpose of making a general peace.

All the Indians agreed to make peace, and smoke out of the pipe sent up by La Fienelle (or Wabasha), and give up their flags and medals; but they were reluctant about going with Pike to St. Louis. After using many devices to get some of the chiefs to promise to accompany him, he arose and said "that he was sorry to find that the hearts of the Santeurs of this quarter were so weak; that the other nations would say, 'What! are their no soldiers at Leech, Red and Rainy Lakes who had the hearts to carry the calumet of their chiefs to their father?'"

This speech had the desired effect. Two of the most celebrated young warriors, (Bucks and Beaux) arose, and offered to undertake the embassy. Their example animated others, and it would have been no difficult matter to have taken a company. But two being sufficient, the two first were taken under the protection of Pike, and he promised them a safe passport till they returned.

During their stay at this post, Pike and his men were

treated with the greatest kindness by McGillis, and on their departure, he presented the General with a pair of "dogs and cariole," valued in that country at two hundred dollars.

On the 18th of February the company started on their journey back to St. Louis, "amidst the acclamations and shouts of the Indians," the most of whom had remained to see them start.

Pike, accompanied by the two Indian ambassadors and one of his men, with his sleigh and dogs, proceeded ahead of the party, and on the 3d of March fell in with Corporal Meek and another man from the post where he had left part of his men, from whom he learned that one of his sentinels had been shot at by a Sioux; that his Sergeant had disobeyed his orders in managing the affair which had been entrusted to his command; had consumed or disposed of most of the stores at the post, and had given liquor to the Indians.

This intelligence was very annoying and mortifying to the General, and he sent ahead of him a special messenger to the post, giving orders that there should be no salute fired on his arrival.

On the 5th of March Pike arrived at the post below Pine Creek, and on examining into the conduct of the Sergeant, found that he was guilty of the charges reported against him, for which he was punished by being deprived of his office.

As soon as it was known that Pike had returned, Thomas, the head chief of the Menomene (or Fols Avoine) Indians, with ten others of his nation, came to the post to indicate their friendly disposition, and presented Pike with a peace pipe to give to the Sauter ambassador, "with assurances of their safety on their voyage, and his wish for them to descend the river."

While here, Pike, with his interpreter, made a visit to Thomas, who, with six lodges of his nation, were encamped about twenty miles below, on the west side of the Mississippi. On arriving at the place they were conducted to the lodge of the chief, who "received them in patriarchal style." He pulled off their "leggings and moccasins," assigned them the

best place in his lodge and offered them dry clothes. He presented them with syrup, made from the sap of the maple, to drink, and prepared a repast of beaver soup for them to eat. The chief then took his guests to the several lodges in the village, and introduced them to the inmates; and in each lodge they showed their friendship by presenting them with some luxury, such as maple sugar, beaver's tail, or something of the kind for them to eat. After their introduction, they returned to the lodge of the old chief, where they found a bed "of good soft bear skins and a large feather pillow prepared for their repose."

While on this visit there happened an incident which, to an enlightened people, might appear degrading, but was no doubt considered as a generous act on the part of this distinguished chief. The chief had noticed a gold ring on Pike's finger and made some inquiry about it, when he was told that it was the gift of his wife, "with whom he should be happy to be at that time." The old chief appeared to reflect over this matter seriously, and at night told the interpreter "that perhaps his father (Pike) felt much grieved for the want of a woman; if so, he could furnish him with one." He was told that the Americans had but one wife, and that they considered it their duty to remain faithful to the one. The old chief thought this a strange custom (as he had three wives), and said "he liked to have as many as he pleased."

After a short stay at this village, Pike returned to his post, where he found Shawonoc, another of the chiefs of this nation, with six of his young men, who had been most active in trying to keep up hostilities among the different nations. Pike reprimanded him severely for his conduct, which he seemed to take without resentment, to the great surprise of his men, and promised to abandon his hostile projects and endeavor to cultivate peace.

After this interview, Pike, at the request of the chief, with ten of his men, visited his village, where they were received by the chief with the usual "Indian hospitalities," but very different from the polite reception given by Thomas. This

nation of Indians were noted for their beauty, the men being straight and well-formed, and the women having delicate limbs and fair and mild countenances.

Pike, after enjoying the hospitalities of his new acquaintances, in turn invited the principal ones of the village to his post, and gave them an entertainment, where they danced till a late hour at night, and closed the festivities by a rehearsal of their war exploits.

On the seventh of April, the ice having gone out of the river, and everything having been put in readiness, Pike left his winter quarters and started down the river, and on the tenth arrived at the mouth of the St. Peter's river, where he stopped and had a council with some of the chiefs from the Sussitongs, Gens-des-Feuilles and the Gens-du-Lac, bands of the Sioux whom he had not seen on his way up the river. With the exception of the Yanc tons, who had not yet arrived, chiefs from every band of the whole Sioux nation had been seen. At this council there were forty chiefs present, and Pike informed them of his transactions with the Sauteurs and other tribes that he had seen, and of their disposition to make peace, and made arrangements with them to send a representation of their nation to St. Louis.

Among the number of the Sioux who visited Pike on this occasion, was Nez Corbean (called by the French Roman Nose, and by the Indians the Wind that Walks), a man who had formerly been the second chief in the Sioux nation, but having been the cause of the death of one of the traders, several years before, he voluntarily relinquished the dignity of chief, and had frequently requested to be given up to the whites to atone for the act, and on this occasion he offered to go to St. Louis and suffer the penalty of his crime; but as the crime was committed before the United States laws were extended over that country, he was not amenable to them, and his offer to give himself up was declined.

After Pike had left, the delegation from the Yanc tons arrived, and finding he had gone, they followed him to Prairie du Chein. This band was noted as the most savage and war-

like band of the Sioux nation, though they had always cultivated a friendly feeling towards the whites. On their arrival, Red Thunder, their principal chief, sent for Pike to come and see him. On going to the camp, he found the chief "prepared with the most elegant pipes and robes" that he had seen among any of the tribes. The chief received him courteously, and assured him that his band were friendly disposed to the whites, and said "that white blood had never been shed in the village of the Yanctons."

A short distance from this place there was a village of the Puants (or Winnebagos), and quite a number of the chiefs of this nation, from this and other villages, agreeable to their promise to Pike on his way up the river, had assembled to have a council with him. In this council Pike assured them that he was much pleased that they had regarded his request to meet him on his return, and gave them assurance that the United States would be friendly towards them, and endeavor to make them happy, if they conducted themselves properly. He told them he had learned that some white people had been murdered by some of their nation, and demanded the murderers at their hands to be given up that they might be tried for the offense. In reply, he was told that the murderers should be surrendered; that there was but one present, but they would procure the others and take them to St. Louis when they went to see their "Great Father."

This council closed Pike's interview with the Indians, and he made his way direct to St. Louis, where he arrived on the 30th of April, 1806. In this visit among the different nations of the savages, Gen. Pike, on all occasions, endeavored to harmonize and make peace among them. He informed the Indians that they were then under the jurisdiction of the United States government, and that they must no longer look to the English government for protection; and whenever he met with any of the chiefs, demanded that they should give up their British flags and medals, which, with a few exceptions, was cheerfully done, promising them they should be supplied with American flags and medals in their

place. But it would seem that the United States government did not fully keep their plighted faith; for Pike says, "My faith was pledged to the savage chiefs for the replacing of these medals and flags," but owing to the change of agents, "and a variety of circumstances, it was never fulfilled. This has left a number of the Sioux and Sauteur chiefs without their distinguishing marks of dignity," which they considered as a fraud practiced upon them, "and would render my life in danger should I ever return among them." This is one of the many instances in which this people have been treated in bad faith by the whites.

(To be Continued.)

INDIAN MOUNDS.

BY CHAS. A. WHITE, M. D., STATE GEOLOGIST.

The whole history of the American continent, previous to its discovery by Columbus, is so wrapped in impenetrable mystery, that the least memento of its ancient inhabitants is regarded with unusual interest. Of the race which existed when Europeans first visited America, and which now occupies a large portion of it, we have comparatively full information; yet of their origin or advent upon the continent, we know nothing with certainty.

Notwithstanding this want of knowledge of their early history, the evidence seems to be satisfactory, that an aboriginal race more ancient than they, and having entirely different customs, once inhabited the country now occupied by the northern and north-western States, as well as parts of Canada.

The principal features of this evidence within the area named, consists in the remains of ancient copper-mining in the Lake Superior region, and the presence of what are commonly known as Indian Mounds.* It is believed that the present race of Indians, at the time of the first visit of the

* The so-called walled lakes of Northern Iowa have been supposed by some to present evidence of the handiwork of an ancient race of men, but as I have elsewhere shown, those phenomena are entirely due to natural causes.

whites, knew nothing of the working of any metal, not even of lead, and they also seem to be in as utter ignorance as ourselves concerning the origin of the mounds.

These mounds are rounded elevations of earth evidently scraped up from the surrounding surface: usually small, often scarcely distinguishable, but occasionally of considerable size. They are usually circular, sometimes oval, and even in some cases bear a fancied resemblance in outline to some animal. They are almost invariably in groups, numbering from two or three, to fifty or more. Sometimes they seem to be arranged on a definite ground-plan, but are oftener distributed without order.

Concerning the purposes for which they were constructed we are much in doubt, but they are usually regarded as memorials of the dead. Human remains have often been found in connection with them, but this is by no means invariable. When these remains are found they are usually placed around the base of the mound, where they are sometimes marked by the presence of flat stones, but they seldom if ever occupy the centre, with the earth heaped upon them. Rude pottery and other relics are frequently found with these remains, to which the present race of Indians seem to be entire strangers.

The mounds commonly occupy prominent, or otherwise interesting locations, in the majority of cases being found upon the brow of the bold characteristic bluffs which border the valleys of our western rivers, but are not unfrequently located upon an elevated plateau which is skirted around by a low range of bluffs or hills. Standing among any of these mounds one finds the surrounding scenery invariably interesting, and often very impressive, showing that a certain sentiment guided the builders in their selection of the ground, but what this sentiment was, whether of religion, veneration of the dead, or an appreciation of the beautiful and sublime in nature, we are left to conjecture. They are quite numerous along the bluffs of the Mississippi river, and the lover of that romantic scenery, having sought out some point from which to obtain a view more beautiful and impressive than

the rest, will almost always find himself in the immediate presence of a group of mounds.

During the progress of the State Geological Survey, many of these interesting objects have been observed, but the press of other matters has prevented that careful examination of them which the interest of the subject requires. Along the bluffs of the Iowa river between Iowa City and Columbus City, a large number of them have been observed, a very numerous group of which occur just below the mouth of English river, about twelve miles from Iowa City. An interesting group is also found on land of Hon. Eliab Doud, near the Des Moines river in Van Buren County.

Visiting Sac City, Sac County, last autumn, I observed several mounds within the village, and having no time to devote to a careful examination of these, Mr. D. Carr Early, an attorney of that place has kindly furnished me with data for the following account of them, accompanied by a carefully drawn plat, which I regret cannot be published with this article.

Sac City is pleasantly located in an abrupt bend of Moon river, which sweeps around it upon the north, east and south, and rests upon one of those level, or gently inclined spaces called by the settlers "second bottom." They were doubtless true bottom lands ages ago, long before the river had cut its valley so deep as it now is, and long before the mound builders occupied the ground, but they are now, and were when the mounds were built, some of our most interesting and fertile spots, far above the reach of floods. On the west the town is bordered by a moderately elevated bluff, and thus the whole space is surrounded by strongly marked topographical features rendering it one of the most interesting spots in the whole region. It is about the centre of this space that we find the mounds, and doubtless an appreciation of the surrounding features guided the mound builders in the one case, and the town builders in the other, in the selection of grounds. The mounds are eight in number, arranged in a general direction from north-east to south-west, but without regular order,

the distance between the two extremes in that direction being a little less than six hundred feet, and in the traverse direction, less than one hundred feet.

Two of these mounds are oval in outline, and all the others are circular. The oval ones are located further to the north-east, and commencing with the first of these, which is near his residence, Mr. Early gives their dimensions, as follows, progressing in the order of their occurrence to the south-west.

No. 1, 96 feet in diameter, east and west, and 36 feet north and south, and two feet high.

No 2, 60 feet in diameter, east and west, and 30 feet north and south, and two feet high.

No. 3, circular, 66 feet in diameter and 5 feet high.

No. 4, " 80 " " " 6 "

No. 5, " 60 " " " 3 "

No. 6, " 60 " " " 3 "

No. 7, " 50 " " " 2½ "

No. 8, " 60 " " " 3 "

It will be observed that three of these mounds are of exactly the same dimensions, and that the long axes of two oval ones are in an east and west direction, and not in the line of their distribution.

Nos. 4, 5 and 6 have been dug through the centre to the undisturbed earth, the public well having been dug through No. 5, and the flag-staff set in No. 6; and nothing of human remains or works of art have been discovered.

It is to be hoped that during the progress of the State work sufficient time may be devoted to the careful examination of these works of the former owners of our soil.

HISTORY OF JOHNSON COUNTY, IOWA.

BY CAPT. F. M. IRISH, IOWA CITY.

In commencing this work, the writer finds himself beset with difficulties that would not be anticipated by those who have never undertaken a similar task. In the first place, I find that there were but few if any records kept of the events of the early settling of this county; and secondly, I find a great diversity of opinion amongst the early settlers, with whom I have conversed, in regard to dates and events thirty years ago.

This should excite no surprise, but serve to admonish us that it is high time that the histories of all the older counties in the State were written.

If any of the actors in the events recorded in the following pages should discover errors, they will attribute them to the causes above mentioned, and not to inadvertency or design.

Philip Clarke and Eli Myers were the first white men who made claims with the intention of settling within the limits of Johnson County. Those gentlemen left their homes in northern Indiana, in the Fall of 1836, and traveled on horseback through Illinois to Rock Island (then Stephenson's landing), where they met with a Mr. John Gilbert, who, learning that they sought a location, told them that he was an Indian trader upon the Iowa river, and that if they would accompany him there he would show them a country that had all the advantages they could desire. They accepted his invitation, and found Mr. G.'s trading house in what is now Pleasant Valley township, where they were hospitably entertained. Mr. G. assisted them in the selection of their claims; Mr. Myers taking the one which now constitutes the farm bearing his name, and Mr. Clarke selecting what is now known as the Morford or Birge farm.

Mr. G. then furnished them with some old harness, with which they rigged up their horses and hauled out some light logs to build the body of a "claim cabin" on their respective

tracts, and after erecting these first evidences of approaching civilization, and being assured by Mr. Gilbert that he would protect their claims until the next season, they returned home.

The season being so far advanced that the prairie grass was destroyed by fire and frost, their horses suffered severely for food; being unaccustomed to that kind of fare, Mr. Myers' horse died. Obtaining another, they reached home in safety. The next year, 1827, they returned with teams and tools, accompanied by a number of their neighbors, who selected their claims in the same vicinity. Thus it will be seen Messrs. Myers and Clarke were the real pioneers in the settlement of Johnson County.

It is due the memory of Mr. John Gilbert to say that the universal testimony of those who knew him, attributes all the noble traits that make a man. Of fine business qualifications, kind and hospitable, possessing a consummate knowledge of the Indian character and language, he rendered important service to the early settlers, and for the kindness of this gentleman and that of Mr. Wheaton Chase, they acknowledge themselves deeply indebted.

Up to this time the red man had held undisputed possession of this beautiful region. A number of Indian towns were located upon the Iowa within what are now the limits of this county; the largest of them was about two miles below Iowa City on the Clark farm, now owned by Jas. McCallester, and contained about one thousand of the Musquaka or Fox Indians, governed by Poweshiek, an Indian of fair ability and rather amiable disposition for a savage. The county of Poweshiek was named after him. The war chief of this tribe was Kish-ke-kosh, of whom nothing very favorable can be said. These natives were generally well-disposed toward their white neighbors, and save when under the influence of whiskey seldom gave any trouble. Their graveyards were near their towns, and they evinced great solicitude for the remains of their dead.

Thirty years ago bands of Indians might be seen every year leaving these towns upon their annual hunt, armed, their

ponies laden with mats for tenting, and followed by squads of squaws, whose duty was to drive the beasts, pitch the tents and cook the food when their lords had luck in the chase. And again at another season parties could be seen starting out, their ponies burdened with deer and elk skins, moccasins and ornamental work prepared in the manner peculiar to these people, bound to some trading post to exchange their commodities for food, trinkets and money. And yet again another party, consisting of squaws and children, the latter slung in baskets on either side of the pony, while the mother is perched on his back, each spring took its way by well-worn trail to their corn patches, where with heavy iron hoes they prepared the ground for planting corn and beans. Upon those three resources, the chase, trade and a rude agriculture, the Indian depended for his subsistence. And yet with all his exertion he frequently found himself destitute, although he thought he availed himself of every advantage the country was capable of presenting.

Let us change the scene, and on the very ground where those few hundred natives could scarce support life, fruitful fields invite the harvest, and cattle in countless herds are feeding. Wagon and railroads supercede the trail. And instead of the long file of ponies laden with primitive articles of barter the cars are hourly rushing past filled with the millions of surplus bushels of grain and pounds of beef and pork, produced from the same land, under the magic of Caucasian energy, that under Indian indolence bore scant crop of furs and game.

We must grant that this new order of things is productive of greater happiness than the old, but doubtless the Indian, viewing it from his stand-point, would arrive at a far different conclusion.

Our pioneers returned again in May, 1837, and commenced the improvement of the claims made the previous fall. As there were many came during this year, it is impossible to fix the exact date of each arrival. From a memorandum now before me, I am able to give the following :

May, 1837, Samuel Walker, William Wilson, S. C. Trowbridge, Henry Felkner, Pleasant Harris. June, Wm. Sturgis, Geo. W. Hawkins, John Henry, Jacob Earhart, Jno. Cane and S. B. Mulholland. August, A. D. Stephen, Samuel Bumgardner, Jonathan Harris, S. H. McCrory, and Joseph Walker. During the Autumn, there were but few arrivals, and every one was busy preparing for winter.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until the spring of 1838. Up to this time the territory west of the Mississippi was attached to Wisconsin for election and judicial purposes, and in May, 1838, the legislature of Wisconsin held its first and last session in Burlington, then the capital of that territory. During this session news was received that by act of Congress Iowa was set off from Wisconsin. On June 12th, 1838, the act organizing Iowa Territory was passed, to take effect on July 3d, following. This measure was strongly urged upon Congress by Hon. Geo. W. Jones, then a delegate from Wisconsin, and through his exertion and influence was passed.

The organic officers of Iowa were : Governor, Robt. Lucas ; Secretary, W. B. Conway ; Treasurer, T. Bayliss ; Judges, 1st District, Charles Mason ; 2d District, Joseph Williams ; 3d District, T. S. Wilson. When acting together these constituted the Supreme Court of the territory. Chas. Mason, Chief Justice ; Isaac Van Allen, U. S. Attorney ; Francis Gehon. And thus was the new territory organized.

During the Autumn of this year Col. Sam. C. Trowbridge received from Gov. Lucas a sheriff's commission, authorizing him to organize Johnson County. In pursuance of this, Col. Trowbridge called an election on Sept. 10th, 1838, whereat were chosen three commissioners, Henry Felkner, Abner Wolcott, and Samuel Sturgis. The names of the other officers are not ascertained. Robt. Walker had a commission from Gov. Lucas which constituted him the first "justice of the peace" in and for Johnson County. The first meeting of the County Commissioners was held at Phelps' trading-house (on the Byington farm, where the building still stands.) Soon after the above date John Gilbert and Philip Clarke laid

off a town, on what is now Jos. McCallister's farm, called Napoleon, and there was located the first county seat. Quite a number of new settlers came in that season, and Judge Williams held the first court ever called in the county, in Gilbert's trading-house. The grand jury was called, charged and sworn, and the bailiff was ordered to conduct them to their room and attend their orders, when the court was informed that there was no room to take them to. The officer was ordered to take them out upon the prairie and let them transact their business there. I can say nothing of the greatness of this "grand inquest," but venture that their jury-room was as large as was ever occupied by a similar body in the county.

About this time Gov. Lucas issued his proclamation for the election of a territorial legislature. This body held its first session at Burlington, on Nov. 1st, 1838. The Council was composed of thirteen members, viz: Jesse B. Brown, President, B. F. Wallace, Secretary, Stephen Hemstead, J. Keith, Geo. Hepner, J. W. Parker, C. Whittlesy, Robt. Rolston, L. B. Hughes, Arthur Ingraham, Jos. M. Clark, E. A. M. Swazy.

The House was composed of W. H. Wallace, Speaker, Jos. T. Fales, Clerk, Wm. Patterson, James Brierly, A. B. Porter, Thos. Blair, Levi Thornton, Jabez Birchard, H. Nowlin, H. Taylor, G. S. Bailey, Jos. W. Grimes, Geo. H. Beeler, S. C. Hostross, C. Swann, C. J. Price, Sam. Parker, G. Temple, John Frierson, R. G. Roberts, A. Bunkeson, Jos. Hall, W. G. Coop, Van B. Delashmutt, N. T. Toole, Laurel Summers and Thos. Cox.

These gentlemen each represented a different one of the older States, and each had his predilections in favor of the laws he was accustomed to. It is a matter of no surprise therefore, that there should have been sharp differences of opinion and lengthy and warm debates. I have heard it characterized as a stormy session. There was a wide difference of opinion between the legislative and executive branches of the government, as to the powers and jurisdiction of each, the governor claiming the right to participate in

either branch as a member. These differences were finally reconciled, the legislature carrying the day.

The location of a permanent seat of government for the territory, was a question that absorbed the attention and influence of the different points desiring it, and consumed the time of the legislature. The governor was in favor of a point central north and south, and his views being adopted by a majority, Robt. Ralston, of Des Moines, John Ronalds, of Louisa, and C. Swann, of Dubuque Counties, were chosen commissioners, and instructed to locate the capital in Johnson County on the Iowa river. This was done in early May, 1839, and their acts recorded and sworn to, at Napoleon, then the county seat, before Robt. Walker, the first justice. This location was made in pursuance of an act of Congress which donated a section of land to the territory upon which to erect a seat of government, and which also gave \$20,000 to be used in erecting buildings. C. Swann was chosen by his colleagues as acting commissioner to carry out the congressional and territorial enactments. Mr. S. employed Col. Thos. Cox as principal, and Gen. Jno. Frierson as assistant surveyor, and L. Jackson as draughtsman. These with a corps came on to the ground the latter part of June, 1839, to survey the present site of Iowa City, which then was a perfect wilderness. Upon the high ground at the north side of the city was a heavy growth of timber, as was the south part. Between was a dense growth of hazel brush and scrub oaks.

The work of clearing this away was prosecuted as far as the site of the capitol, by July 4, 1839, and then was celebrated, for the first time in this region, the anniversary of our independence. There gathered, on that occasion, a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom had ridden fifteen or twenty miles to participate in the festivities. The scene presented was of great interest to one unaccustomed to the warm-hearted friendship always to be found existing between settlers of a new country. Their salutations were interspersed with attempts to tell where they lived. It would be: "Do you know a grove on such a stream? Well, we live in

that." Or, "We're on a stream over the river they call 'Old Man's Creek.'" Locations ascertained by these dubious landmarks, visits would be arranged, and so society began to organize. By the time each had been introduced to everybody, the tables were ready with "a feast of fat things," which had been prepared by Mr. Jonathan Harris, at his place four miles below the city, and brought here on wagons, and the zest with which the provender was attacked was a high compliment to the skill of Mr. and Mrs. H. When the ladies had retired from the table, and the necessary arrangements had been made, such as providing water and things to mix with it, Col. Cox, president of the day, announced the toasts, regular and volunteer, each one of which was received with as clear a gush of patriotic fervor as ever trembled in Independence Hall. The toasts and the afternoon over, those who wished to dance repaired to Mr. Harris', where substantial puncheon floors and the inspiring notes of a fiddle "put life and mettle in their heels."

Matthew Teneick's was the first family that located in Iowa City. He took possession of a cabin that stood on the present site of Mr. Hobart's residence. Having brought along a herd of cattle and a bountiful supply of provisions, the commissioners and surveyors boarded with him while laying off the town. There were now but four cabins in the city, one occupied by Geo. T. Andrews and family. The first regularly built house was erected by Mr. Teneick, on the corner of Iowa Avenue and Dubuque St. It was of solid hewn timber, quite roomy and two stories high. It was burned down some years since, after having been occupied as residence, tavern and boarding-house for some twenty years. The first frame house was built by Wesley Jones on the present site of the Powell block, south of University Square, in which was stored and sold the first stock of goods ever brought to the city.

The surveys being sufficiently advanced, the commissioners gave notice that the first sale of lots would take place August 18th, 1839. This notice being published in eastern papers, attracted the attention and presence of many capitalists, who

began arriving upon the ground some days previous to the sale. The most prominent of these gentlemen seeking investments were Maj. Gannoc, of Cincinnati, Gov. Shay, of Kentucky, and Wm. Bostwick, of Harrisburg, Pa. The reader may inquire how this crowd of speculators found food and lodging in a place so recently composed from the wilderness? Let me assure you they found accommodations most ample. Amongst them was an establishment known as "Lean-back Hall," which was built in a few days and contained bar, dining and lodging rooms and kitchen. The bed-room contained one bed, which accommodated thirty-six men, and was a regular couch at that on a regulation bedstead. The above number has reposed in it many a night and no complaint was ever entered against it.

At the sale property went off briskly at high prices. Three days were consumed by it and the proceeds amounted to \$15,000.

The first brick, a small one story building, was erected by Mr. Bostwick, on Clinton Street north of the Avenue. It was burned in 1867. Mr. B. bought some twenty lots, and his selections have all proved valuable business points.

Early in October, 1839, the second sale of lots took place, the proceeds of which amounted to \$30,000. Immigrants now began to pour in daily, many of them living in tents until cabins could be built. The fame of the new capital of the new territory had spread through the East, and many came expecting to see a city that would rival the metropolitan centers of the older States.

Walter Butler and his family came about this time, and he commenced the erection of a frame building for a hotel and, by great exertion, got it enclosed before the severe winter came on. This was the first regular hotel in Iowa City, and its generous host and kindly accommodations are treasured warmly amongst the reminiscences of many a pioneer who sojourned here through the cold winter of 1839-40. This hotel was on the corner of Clinton and Washington Sts., a few doors north of Sanxay's Corner.

Much discussion has been had as to who was the first settler of Iowa City proper; this is esteemed an important question, and the writer is unable to settle it as he was not the first one there. Dr. Henry Murray was the first physician, both in the city and county. Wm. L. Gilbert was the first lawyer, and shortly after coming here formed a co-partnership with Wm. C. Reagan. Samuel H. McCrary was the first post master, and Mr. Fenece, of the M. E. Church, preached the first sermon, and A. T. McElwaine sang the first hymn at public worship, Henry Usher was the first blacksmith.

The approach of the winter of 1839-40 was viewed with much apprehension and anxiety, as provisions were scarce and high. How the necessities of the winter were provided for, its storms breasted, and its trials met, I hope to tell in the next

ANNALS.

A SCENE OF THE BORDER.

BY ELIPHALET PRICE.

During the Summer of 1827, soon after the war-cloud of difficulties with the Winnebago Indians had been adjusted by a visit of the chiefs to Washington, accompanied by Gen. Cass, a Sioux Indian, while hunting upon the Iowa shore near the mouth of Paint Creek, shot and scalped a Winnebago, believing him to be the murderer of his brother, but who proved not to be the murderer, but the brother of "Big Wave," a chief of the Winnebagoes.

The band of this chieftain, together with others of the nation, numbering about two thousand, becoming indignant at this act, immediately assembled at Fort Crawford, and demanded of Col. Taylor, (afterwards President Taylor,) the procurement and surrender of the murderer. The officers of the Fort apprehensive that new difficulties might arise with this factious tribe if their demand was disregarded, concluded to make an effort to obtain the murderer. Accordingly an officer was dispatched to demand him of the Sioux nation, who immediately gave him up and he was brought down the river

and confined at Fort Crawford. Soon after his arrival at the Fort, the Winnebagoes assembled again and insisted upon an unconditional surrender of the prisoner to them, which Col. Taylor refused, but dispatched Lieut. Reynolds and Doctor Elwise, the Surgeon of the garrison, to have a talk with them and endeavor to preserve the life of the Indian by paying a satisfactory consideration in horses. At the conference the Winnebagoes talked in a threatening and overbearing manner, declaring that nothing would satisfy them but the taking of the life of the Sioux in their own way and by themselves.

Reynolds finding that no terms could be made with them that would conform to the suggestions of Col. Taylor, determined to make a proposition of his own, which was as follows: The Sioux should have a chance to save his life by being brought out upon the prairie, three weeks from that day, and in a parallel line seven paces to the rear of him should be placed twelve of the most expert runners of the Winnebago nation, each armed with a tomahawk and scalping-knife, and at the tap of the drum the Sioux should be free to start for the home of his tribe, and the Winnebagoes free to pursue, capture and scalp him if they could. To this proposition the Winnebagoes acceded at once, and seemed much pleased with the anticipation of great sport, as well as an easy conquest of the prisoner, whose confinement in the garrison during the three weeks, they believed would prostrate whatever running qualities he may have possessed. Their best runners were immediately brought in and trained every day in full sight from the Fort, and so accurate did they become in the hurling of the tomahawk, that they could hit with unerring aim, a tin cup swinging from the branch of a tree, at a distance of twenty-five feet. Lieut. Reynolds, who kept a pack of hounds and two or three fleet horses, and who was known throughout the hunting range of the post as a dashing sportsman, having become warmly enlisted on the side of the Sioux, determined to have his Indian in the best possible condition for the contest.

Accordingly Dr. Elwise took him in charge, prescribing his diet, regulating his hours of repose and directing the rubbing

of his body and limbs with flesh brushes twice a day, immediately before going upon the parade ground to perform his morning and evening trainings. So carefully was he trained for this race of life or death, that he was timed upon the parade ground in the presence of the garrison and a number of spectators, the third day before the race came off, and performed the almost incredible feat of a mile in three minutes and nine seconds. Reynolds had for some time been satisfied that the fleetest runner in the Winnebago nation could not overtake him, but to guard against the unerring aim of the tomahawk required a different kind of training. This was done by placing the drummer behind a screen some twenty paces in front of the Sioux so that the sound would reach him an instant before it did his opponents, and upon receiving the signal sound he was trained to make two quick bounds in a direct line to the right, and then start upon the race.

The day at length arrived; about three thousand Indians, French traders and border hunters had assembled to witness the scene, in fact it was regarded as a gala day by all—except the prisoner. Reynolds on the part of the Sioux, and the celebrated chiefs “War-kon-shuter-kee” and “Pine Top” on the part of the Winnebagoes, superintended the arrangement of the parties on the ground.

The point agreed upon for starting was upon the prairie a little to the north of Prairie du Chien, and immediately in the vicinity of the residence of John Lockwood, an Indian trader, while the race track lay along the level nine mile prairie stretching to the north and skirting the shore of the Mississippi. The Sioux appeared upon the ground accompanied by a guard of soldiers, who were followed by his twelve opponents marching in Indian file and singing a low monotonous chant, each being naked, with the exception of the Indian breechlet. Their ribs were painted white, while their breasts were adorned with a number of hieroglyphical paintings. Along the face alternate stripes of white and black were painted in parallel lines, extending from the chin to the forehead. The hair was platted into numerous thongs tasseled with a

red or white feather and fringed with small bells, while their moccasins were corded tightly around the hollow of the foot, as well as around the ankle, with the sinews of the deer; in the right hand each carried his tomahawk, while the left grasped the sheath that contained the scalping knife.

The prisoner was about twenty years old, a little less than six feet in height, of muscular, well proportioned contour, and manifested in the easy movements of his body, a wiry and agile command of his muscular powers; his countenance presented a mournful and haggard appearance, owing partly to the rigid discipline he had undergone in training, and partly to his having painted his face black, with the figure of a horse-shoe, in white, upon his forehead, which denoted that he was condemned to die, with the privilege of making an effort to save his life by fleetness. Around his neck he wore a narrow belt of wampum, from which dangled the scalp that he had taken from the Winnebago.

Soon after the parties were formed in line upon the ground, Reynolds approached the Sioux and taking off one of his moccasins, showed the chiefs that it contained a thin plate of steel, and asked if they objected to it, to which they replied with much merriment, that he might carry as much iron as he pleased. The Lieut. observing that his Indian appeared restless and uneasy, requested Dr. Elwise to come forward, who, after examining his pulse, discovered that he was much excited and that his nerves were in a tremulous condition. Reynolds immediately took him by the arm and led him out some distance from the front of the line, where he asked him if he was afraid to run? to which he replied, "I can outrun all the Winnebagoes, but I am afraid that I cannot outrun all the horses that are mounted by armed Indians." The Lieut. saw at once the cause of his alarm, and informed him that they should not interfere; he intended to ride the fleetest horse upon the ground and keep near him, and as he was armed, would see that no horseman approached him with hostile intentions. At this announcement the countenance of the Indian brightened up with a smile, his whole person seemed

lifted from the ground as he returned to his position with a stalwart stride.

The chiefs and Reynolds soon after mounted their horses and took a position each upon the right of his party, the spectators were removed from the front to the rear by the guard, when the parties were ready for the start. Reynolds, who was to give the signal for the tap of the drum, had in this arrangement, planned a movement for which the Winnebagoes were unprepared. The drummer, by this arrangement, was not to give the drum tap until two minutes had expired, after the giving of the signal, which was made known to the Winnebagoes, would be the elevation of his cap high above his head.

Reynolds, after taking a last view of the field to see that all was clear, gave the signal. In an instant the Winnebagoes threw themselves into position, with uplifted tomahawk, the eye intently fixed upon the prisoner; every muscle of the body and arm was forced to its utmost strain, and in this position they were held by the drummer for the full period of time prescribed by Reynolds. The gloating visage of the Indian, his excited mind, and the terrible strain upon his muscular powers, it was easy to discover, was fast exhausting him; at length the loud tap of the drum was given, when the Sioux with the crouching leap of the panther, bounded to the right while the whizzing whirl of the tomahawk sped its flight far to his left.

The race was now fairly commenced; three of the Winnebagoes ran with great fleetness for a mile, keeping within twenty yards of the Sioux. Reynolds, who rode a fleet animal, and was a master horseman, could move his body upon the saddle with that commanding ease which enabled him to keep all parts of the field in view without changing the course of his animal, soon discovered that his Indian had entire command of the race. During the flight of the first half mile it was with difficulty that he could restrain the Sioux from leaving his competitors far to the rear, and thus impair his powers of endurance that might be needed to guard against treachery in the distance. At length, discovering that a few

of the Winnebagoes had fallen out of the race, he gave the signal for him to increase his speed, and in a moment after, the distance between him and his competitors began to widen rapidly, showing the superior speed and endurance of the Sioux, acquired mainly, through the discipline of the white man. At the end of two miles, the last of the contending Winnebagoes withdrew from the race. There was not an Indian horse upon the ground that could keep up with him after he had increased his speed, and at the end of the fourth mile, Reynolds, finding that his horse was much fatigued, and the prairie free from enemies, also withdrew from the race. The Indian did not look back or speak as far as he was followed or could be seen, but kept his eye fixed upon the white flags that had been placed in front of him at short distances apart, for several miles, in order that he might run upon a straight line.

It was soon after reported by the Winnebagoes that he had been shot by one of their boys who had been placed in ambush near the upper boundary of the prairie. This, however, proved not to be true. The boy had shot a Winnebago through mistake, who had also been treacherously secreted for the purpose of intercepting the Sioux. This mistake, however, was never known to Reynolds or Elwise, and it was not until several years after this event, and while Gov. Doty was holding a treaty with the Sioux nation, that this Indian appeared in the council as one of its chiefs, and, after briefly relating this adventure to the Governor, he enquired where Lieut. Reynolds and Doctor Elwise were at that time. He was informed that both had died in Florida. Upon receiving this information, he immediately withdrew from the convention, painted his face black, and retired to the gloom of the forest, nor could he be prevailed upon to return until he had gone through the Indian ceremony of mourning for the dead.

SKETCHES OF HISTORY AND INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH
THE SETTLEMENT OF WAPELLO COUNTY, FROM 1843 TO
1859, INCLUSIVE.

BY G. D. R. BOYD, OTTUMWA.

(Continued from page 947.)

By way of introduction, we here insert the proceedings of a "Settlers' Meeting" held at Ottumwa on the 16th day of September, 1848:

"WHEREAS, the mutual safety of the settlers and pioneers of the West demands some measures for his security; and the hard earnings of the poor man, who has endured privations and hardships, are endangered by eastern capitalists and moneyed land-sharks; and believing the settler and the tiller of the soil should have the benefit of his hard earnings; therefore

"*Resolved*, That the unprecedented prosperity of the State of Iowa has been through the means of the claim system.

"*Resolved*, That the claim-holder is entitled to have his land at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

"*Resolved*, That we will mutually protect each other in the purchase of our claims at the land sales at the above price, and also protect each other's claims against speculators and claim-jumpers for two years after the sales.

"*Resolved*, That we regard any person who shall enter or jump a claim or improvement, without paying a good and sufficient consideration to the claim-holder, in no other light than a thief and a robber, and that we will deal with them accordingly.

"*Resolved*, That we will mutually defend the above principles and resolutions with our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honors.

"*Resolved*, That we as claim-holders mutually pledge ourselves to attend the land sales in October next, and not permit any person to bid on a settler's claim, except the owner, under the above penalty.

JAMES M. PECK, Chairman."

The following account of the "Dahlonge War" was prepared by L. T. STUART, Esq., an old resident of Dahlonge, and familiar with the incidents related. We regret that we were compelled to condense it to some extent, in order that our history would not prove to be of greater length than originally intended.

DAHLONGE WAR.

In relating the little incidents that help to form our early history, we will be compelled to give the names of parties, but trust that none will be offended at the seeming liberty thus taken,—we would not willingly wound the feelings of any human being. Some things were, perhaps, better untold, yet we intend giving the darker as well as the brighter side. Many who took an active part in our little drama, are far away, busily engaged in the cares of life. Some are resting in California and Oregon from all their labor. Others have been laid to repose in a green spot not far off, while some remain on the land they once called their "claims," and often talk of the times they used to have.

Dahlonge township was settled on the first day of May 1843. Before sunset of that day, the prairie lying between Little Cedar Creek and the Des Moines River timber, was dotted with the white covers of wagons that had borne the scanty gear of our first settlers from their old and distant homes. Horses and oxen were feeding on the first sweet grass of May, while their owners were busily engaged in selecting claims. These settlers soon formed a club for mutual protection as in other localities, and enacted a code of "claim laws," with the usual provisions and penalties for "claim jumpers" and speculators.

Among the settlers were a few pretty hard cases. A big ugly fellow, with a countenance that one would think was inclined to quarrel with day-light for exposing its bad qualities, Martial must have been thinking of him when he wrote,

"With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest thou'st a devilish cheat,"

who emigrated from Georgia to this place, and who gloried

in the name of James Woody, was destined to give his neighbors a deal of trouble. His wife Betsy was also a bit of a character when the spirit of Donnybrook Fair came over her. Old Jim, as his neighbors discourteously called him, had taken a claim just east of where the village of Dahlonga was located, which he sold during the summer to Martin Koontz, Sen., for two hundred and sixteen dollars, ready money. Now, James having a notion of his own about "Squatter Sovereignty," was not long in concluding that he would relieve some of his brother squatters of their claims without being at the little inconvenience of paying them for their good will, which he frankly admitted was not over-estimated by him. He only awaited for the completion of the township survey when he intended to pre-empt eighty acres of the claim he had sold to Koontz, with the money that he had received for the aforesaid claim. He had cut and hauled a lot of house-logs upon the north part of Koontz's claim, and might have succeeded in pre-empting it if he had not overdone the thing, by making an effort to take another eighty acre tract that was claimed by Joseph Kight. Peter White was covering a house that Koontz had built upon the south part of his claim, when on looking towards Kight's claim, was astonished to see a claim house standing upon Kight's land with several men about it as if at work. Peter was not long in getting himself down and over to Kight's cabin, which stood at the south-east corner of the public square in Dohlonga. Kight on hearing that his claim was "jumped," swore vengeance against the intruders, and accompanied by a few friends started for the new claim-house, where they found old Jim Woody, Alex. Crawford, Bill Crawford, a man by the name of Brock, and others of the Woody tribe, celebrating their success at house-raising after the old fashion of having a little "sunthin to take," and perhaps were jubilating under the inspiration of "sod-corn whisky." Be that as it may, their gratulations were soon to be interrupted.

While they were all seated within the house they had just built, Kight and his company came upon them with the

stealthiness of the panther, pulled the new and temporary roof down upon their heads, smashing their bottle and greatly endangering their persons with falling boards, weight-poles, &c. When they found that their house had been helped to tumble in upon them, they showed fight, but the attacking party having armed themselves with the hand-spikes used in raising the house, forced them to "*vumose the ranche.*" Then tearing down and completely demolishing the house, Kight and his friends returned to Dahlonga. The Woody faction were not satisfied to remain vanquished, and swore that they could whip their opponents. The two Crawfords and Brock threw down their gloves, which were taken up by Elias Kitterman, Joseph Kight and Peter Kitterman, who after a bloody fight convinced them that they had been reckoning without their host. Betty Woody, like Joan of Arc, was a leader in the fight. Her shrill voice could be heard high above the battle's roar, encouraging her friends, and breathing imprecations dire upon her enemies. Kight had one of the Crawfords *hors du combat*, getting home a succession of trip-hammer licks in good style, when Betsy put a period to his fun by thrusting a huge stick into the hands of old man Crawford, conjuring him to strike for the honor of the Woody cause and the salvation of his own son who was being beat to a jelly. The old man needed no further prompting but brought the stick down with a right good will. Kight threw up his arm to protect his head, but the lick came with sufficient force to fracture the bone of his arm. Just at that moment a rock thrown by some one of the belligerents fell at Kight's feet, which he laid hold of and threw, unfortunately striking his clubbed antagonist in the eye, hiding the light of this earth from the aforesaid orb forevermore.

After the fight had subsided, old Jim Woody rushed out from his cabin with a rifle in his hands, swearing that Peter White was the meanest man of the lot, and he would shoot him right then and there. Peter was marching to time called "quick-step," when Jack Woody was heard to exclaim: "D—n it Dad, that gun is'nt loaded." "Shut yer mouth, Jack, Pete

doesn't know it," was the reply. But the admonition came too late, Pete did know it, and laying hold of an axe threw it at old Jim with such accuracy that it scarcely missed his head, causing him to take shelter in his cabin. Jack snatched the gun from his father's hands and broke it to pieces,—done it we suppose, to prove his disapprobation of such conduct, and that he was of Georgia's chivalry, although his sire had shown the white feather.

The logs hauled on Koontz's claim were discovered and burnt on that or the following day. James Woody finding the force at his command insufficient to carry on the campaign successfully, concluded to try a little strategy. He went up to Esquire R. R. Jones, who meted out justice to the citizens of Dodgeville, and filed his affidavit, alleging therein that all the men in the vicinity (excepting his own friends,) had been guilty of sundry misdemeanors such as assault with intent to kill, arson, riot, &c. His idea for having them all arrested, was to prevent any of them from being witnesses. Jones issued the warrant but no constable would undertake to serve it. Wapello County being an attache of Jefferson, the warrant was sent to Fairfield to the sheriff of that county, who sent deputy Wollard to serve it. A lawyer by the name of McKay generously volunteered his services in behalf of the defendants, and accompanied the sheriff, who on arriving at Agency City, summoned a posse to assist him in executing the warrant. On being thus reinforced they proceeded to Dahlonga. George May, William Dewy, and a lawyer by the name of Galbraith, attorneys for the plaintiff, were so sure that the game was bagged, came along to expound the intricacies of the law, and mystify the court with vivid declamations on the heinous offences lately committed by the prisoners at the bar against the person and property of their esteemed friend, James Woody, Esq. But the fates decreed that the biting jests and withering sarcasms coined by these limbs of the law as they came along, should remain a "tale untold."

Peter White was the first prisoner taken; he resisted the

sheriff, when he was thrown down by the posse. One of the Crawfords could not withstand the force of habit, and thought to console himself for the thrashing he had received a few days before, by gouging White to his heart's content, while he thought the chances were all in his favor. But instead of his favorite place, the eye, he found his thumb in White's mouth, between none of your gold-plated, patent artificial teeth, but a pair of old-fashioned grinders, that had cracked hickory-nuts without any inconvenience or detriment—a regular snapping-turtle's jaws, with ivory additions. Poor Crawford soon discovered that a natural affinity existed between those grinders and the bone of his thumb. The sheriff threatened to shoot White if he did not give up, who not fancying a bullet-hole through his jacket, concluded to yield the point. He was marched off to a cabin owned by Berry Woody, brother of the aforesaid James, standing on the east side of the public square, in Dahlonaga. The prisoners as fast as taken were put into this house for safe-keeping. It had but one door, which was duly locked and guarded without. Old father Koontz was brought in a prisoner, having but one leg, he came on horseback. His horse was hitched just back of the cabin. Peter White made his egress through the generous throated chimney, mounted the horse and started off at full speed. But Dr. Weir gave chase, and being better mounted, overtook and *persuaded* him to return, so Peter says. Toward night the sheriff had succeeded in capturing ten or a dozen souls, who proved that they were yet in the flesh by clamorously demanding something to eat. Betty Woody, we say peace to her ashes for such an act—having a woman's heart within the folds of her rude cotton dress, ran home and baked a huge basketfull of corn-dodgers—just such corn cakes as old “Uncle Neddy” couldn't eat, brought them to the cabin and offered to *feed her enemies*. Any one who had heard her horrid oaths during the fight a few days before, would have thought that her soul was an interminable desert, but here was an oasis watered by a spring that flows only from a woman's heart—looking greener and brighter like the

oasis in the midst of the vast sand plains, because of the contrast to her other actions.

The prisoners, like barbarians, dashed her bread against the rough logs of their cabin jail, swearing that it was execrable, that their dogs should not eat such vile stuff. Poor Betty, her labor seemed to have been in vain, yet we hope her's will prove "bread cast upon the waters that will return again after many days." She was the first of this community that "slept the sleep that knows no waking" in this world. The first grave in our little cemetery was for her; not even a rude stone marks her resting place, yet the old settlers know where the remains of poor old Betty repose, who with all her faults left one kind act to recommend her to the children of those she would have fed; of whom some one may some day plant a rose over her neglected grave.

When night set in the prisoners declared that they would go to their homes to eat and sleep. The sheriff thinking that he would not be able to keep them, let them go on parole until morning. The sheriff went home with Peter White to stay over night, and also to keep an eye on Peter, who he thought was a ringleader in all the troubles that had occurred. About midnight he was aroused from his sleep by loud yells of "bring out the sheriff." The house was evidently surrounded by a mob. A succession of sharp clicks greeted his ears, as the hammers of their guns came back. Joseph Kight as spokesman, informed the sheriff that they had come to escort him a short distance of the way towards Fairfield, where they hoped he would be more kindly entertained than if he remained here. He replied that if they would let him stay until morning, he would certainly go. As he had let the prisoners out on parole, the crowd concluded to let him stay until morning, and adjourned to Berry Woody's for the purpose of initiating the lawyers into the mystery of "riding on a rail." George May was summoned to come out and partake of this little luxury. Joseph Kight and Peter White had a suitable rail on their shoulders, but George being averse to the ride, asked to be heard before they condemned him, and

proceeded to inform them that a lawyer's vocation was a peculiarly trying one, often compelling him to be on the wrong side. The client, generally excited and prejudiced on going to law, represented his side in a more favorable light than facts would warrant. This was the case on the present occasion. He would try in future to avoid such cases. He would rather go briefless all his life than to take the ride they had talked of giving him. He would rather they would take an axe and cut his head off, as he preferred death to dishonor. George being an eloquent speaker easily convinced his jury that he was not guilty, beside establishing a reputation as a speaker that gave him business in after years.

Having thus fully accomplished all they wished, the settlers withdrew and rendezvoused at Riley Koontz's residence, where at sunrise next morning they numbered sixty-two strong, commanded by Col. John Moore, on horseback, carrying a huge knife in lieu of a sword. The *corps de armie* looked like a band of Texas rangers, going to make a dash at the Mexicans or Camanches. Sheriff Wollard and lawyer McKay came down to bid them good-bye, telling them they made quite a military appearance. Elias Kitterman handed McKay five dollars for the good-will he had shown in coming up, although they had not needed his services. The sheriff started for Fairfield and Col. Moore marched his troops to Dahlonaga, where they were disbanded in due form, to be ready however to fall into ranks in case of another emergency. Thus ended the long-to-be-remembered Dahlonaga war.

We have conversed with many who were eye witnesses and some who were participants in the foregoing incidents, and their interest is much enhanced by being strictly true. The "Dahlonaga War" as it is familiarly called, is the theme of many a fireside talk during our long winter evenings, and it will, as the writer says, be remembered long.

SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS RELATING TO THE SETTLEMENT OF LOUISA COUNTY.

BY WM. L. TOOLE, TOOLESBOROUGH.

Prior to the first settlement of the county by the whites the Sac and Fox Indians occupied the land comprising it. The war with those Indians in 1832 resulted in a treaty with them and sale of their land in the county, excepting a reserve along the Iowa river of ten miles in width, which reserve was sold and vacated by them in October, 1836. All the better land and desirable points of this reserve, had been previously selected, and some actually occupied before the sale.

The first occupancy of the district now Louisa County, was in 1835, at and near the mouth of the Iowa river, and near the ancient mounds and fort; also near the Indian villages of Keokuk, Wapello, and Black-Hawk. Among the early settlers hereabouts, we had the names of Harrison, Creighton, Deihl, Toole, McCleary, Thornton, Parsons, Benson and Shuck, and soon afterwards, Hook, Hale, Guest, Crow, Isett, Bell, Bird and Judge Springer. Those first named and others, like many of the first settlers of Iowa, impelled by that pioneering spirit known only to Americans, forsook friends and comforts and located themselves here near the wigwams of those celebrated Indian chiefs, and where hundreds of Indians could often be seen engaged in their several savage sports and occupations of hunting, fishing, carousing, &c., they became acquainted with, and frequently in company with the old chief Black-Hawk, who was usually attired in citizen's dress. This appeared to be his favorite spot, in fact was then called Black-Hawk.

In this location, as in others, great strife and contention was kept up here in those early days, through conflicting interest in claims or the encroachments of unprincipled adventurers. Cabins were burned, torn down or unroofed, and the lives of

persons frequently in jeopardy in consequence of these contentions for claims. At one time in 1836, contending parties numbering some twenty or thirty on each side met near here on a disputed piece of land, armed with guns, pistols, knives, &c., intending to decide the right of possession by a battle, the victors to be the possessors. Fortunately, however, a worthy and peaceable old gentleman, Mr. E. Hook, with some two or three other persons, friendly with both parties, appeared on the battle-ground, and by their influence prevented a commencement of the conflict, otherwise blood would have been shed on this occasion, and perhaps lives lost. Serious difficulties like this often occurred in regard to ownership of claims, and sometimes occurrences or cases in regard to claims occurred which were more amusing than serious. One I will state wherein a defeated party, through our claim-law or regulations refused to leave or give possession of a cabin thereon, and the successful party with a few friends kindly took the opposing individual out of the cabin and carried him from the premises, notwithstanding his struggling, kicking and threatening, greatly to the amusement of the lookers-on, but he finally made a virtue of necessity and submitted to our claim laws, and was protected afterward himself by these claim laws in a claim difficulty.

These difficulties continued more or less until the public sale of land by the Government. Just previous to the public sale all disputes and difficulties concerning claims were amicably arranged, and the settlers entered into a league for common protection and opposition to speculators, then secured their claims and went on prospering and making comfortable homes. The county then increased rapidly in population by emigrants mostly from the Western States, attracted here by the richness of the soil, supply of timber and grass land.

Towns then began to show themselves on the Iowa river, and among the number Wapello, our county seat, was commenced on the site of the old chief Wapello's village, but had a very slow growth for several years. The first court held there was in a log cabin, and the shade of an elm the jurors'

rooms. Many amusing scenes and incidents occurred at and during the first few terms of court held there.

In those days we also had our amusing scenes in justices' courts, and in the performance of duties of their officers. The justices and officers considered it their duty to deal out justice according to their understanding of justice and law, regardless of acts of Michigan or Wisconsin legislatures, contending that they did not suit our locality or the cases here coming up; and as our justices and constables were generally robust and active, and disposed to enforce the law with muscular arguments, their decisions were usually submitted to. Therefore if a judgment was for bacon, bacon it must be, otherwise the defendant would have his meat tub visited by the officer; and if for meal, the meal tub would suffer. Or, if these officers on any occasion deemed it necessary to quiet disturbers of the peace, and too much time be required for a process, they would enforce justice by force of their muscular arms, and sometimes the wife, the sons, or nearest relations would aid in quieting these disturbances or enforcing justice, when necessary, considering themselves deputies by relationship. We had, also, our troubles in securing supplies of food in those days. A trip to mill, requiring a week or more time, was no uncommon thing, having to wait at the mill until those ahead should have their grists ground according to time of coming, unless you were a particular friend or favorite of the miller. Want of mail facilities was provoking—weeks being required, instead of days, for receipt of mail matter, and in some cases these delays produced losses and much confusion. Many more scenes and incidents of early times in this part of our county could be given, but the recital would not be interesting to your readers in other counties.

Wapello has increased and improved since then and become quite an important trading point, with the prospect of a continued improvement through its railroad projects. We have several towns now in our county, viz: Grandview, Columbus City, Toolesborough, Morning Sun, Port Louisa and

Wapello. We have one railroad passing through the county, one now being made, and two others projected, which together with the Iowa running through the county and Massosseo for its front, Louisa County must soon be ranked among the most flourishing counties of the State of Iowa.

There are several small streams in the county, all emptying into the Iowa river, having no important origin, however, and are as follows, viz: Long Creek and Short Creek, are not very far apart, and were thus named because one is much longer than the other. Otter Creek was so named because of the number of otters found along its course by the first settlers; Goose Creek so named, because of the number of wild geese found along its course; Indian Creek so named, because it was a favorite stream of the Indians; Yankee Creek, because the first settlers near it were called Yankees, and Smith Creek, from Smith the first settler near it. And while on the origin of names of streams, and Mississippi and Missouri being the eastern and western boundaries of our State, permit me to digress and give what I have learned to be the origin of the names of these two great rivers. The Indian names for them before the French saw them, for the Mississippi was Massosseo,—Masso (big or large,) and sepo (river,) or big river, being more appropriate and with a meaning than as corrupted by the French, and without any meaning. And their name for the Missouri was Masso-reah-sepo, Masso (big,) reah (yellow,) sepo (river,) or big yellow river, also more appropriate and with a meaning, than as corrupted by the French, and without any origin or meaning.

It is conceded that the name Iowa arose in this way: Many years ago, and before any Indians had fixed their homes in what is now Iowa, some Indians in search of a new home, encamped on the high bluff of the Iowa river near its mouth, and where those ancient mounds are, and being much pleased with the location and country around it—in their native dialect exclaimed—Iowa, Iowa, Iowa, (beautiful, beautiful, beautiful,) hence the name of Iowa to the river, and to those Indians, a remnant of which tribe are now in Kansas.

Another company of Indians afterward, on the same errand, in search of a new home, ascending the Iowa river in their canoes, at some point that they were pleased with, made a similar exclamation, adding, "This is the place for us!" And still another band or tribe, with similar exclamation, continued the name to the river, and so on by Black-Hawk, Keokuk, Wapello, and Poweshiek, each of whom had their villages on the banks of the Iowa river, up to 1836. And the ancient mounds and fort on this high bluff of the Iowa near its mouth, shows that this was a favorite location by the ancients who made these mounds. Black-Hawk made his home mostly near these mounds, and partly in Keokuk's village, about two miles further up the Iowa river. Wapello had his village about ten miles further up the Iowa, and the next village or trading point was at the junction of the Iowa and Nec-a-tosh, (Cedar river,) and still further up the Iowa river was the village of Chief Poweshiek, and up the Nec-a-tosh or Cedar river in our county, and near the county line, was a favorite sugar-making ground or camping place of the Indians. These Indian villages were held and occupied until late in 1836, and excepting Poweshiek were on the reserve of ten miles in width, beginning near Keokuk's village and extended up the Iowa river and valley forty miles. And at the present time there are some three or four towns on its banks in our county, thus all going to show that the Iowa river and its valleys has been favorite ground of the ancients, of the Indians, and of the Hawk-Eyes.

An Indian trail from Poweshiek village to Wapello village, thence to village of Chief Keokuk, thence down the Iowa on north side, and near those ancient mounds to the Masso-sepo, show that it was their regular thoroughfare. And on this trail the warriors of those villages passed to the Masso-sepo with their ponies, and across it to upper sand-banks, (New Boston,) some going in canoes down the Iowa, taking their arms, ammunition, &c., preparatory for their war of 1832. Part of said trail near here was plainly seen for years afterwards.

Previous to any occupancy of Iowa by the whites, it was known as Indian territory, and under the government of Missouri territory, and began with a different organization at time of the treaty with Black-Hawk in 1832, when a strip or belt of country was secured about fifty miles wide, and extending from Missouri to the then neutral ground opposite Prairie du Chien, but was not occupied by the whites until 1835, and then included in and governed by the laws of Michigan territory, and divided into two counties—Dubuque and DesMoines, by legislature of said territory, and so continued until Michigan became a State, and the territory of Wisconsin organized. Black-Hawk purchase as then called, then became a part of, and subject to the laws of Wisconsin, the legislature of which territory in its session at Belmont, Wis., in 1836, subdivided Dubuque and DesMoines Counties into nine counties, giving their names, &c. Said legislature gave the name Louisa to our county, through the influence of members thereof, who were formerly of Virginia, in honor of Louisa County, Virginia, and contrary to the wishes of, or consultation with the citizens thereof, who would have preferred the name of Washington, Jefferson or Monroe. Some agitated the proposition of a change of name then, and some are still dissatisfied with the name, and desirous of a change, which wish may yet get into shape, and the subject be properly brought before the legislature.

This first purchase of land from the Indians became known as the Black-Hawk purchase, and so called or known until organized into Iowa territory.

It was during the time that it was known as Black-Hawk purchase, that its inhabitants obtained the name of Hawk-Eyes, and having no objections to be so distinguished, and to perpetuate the name a creek was named Hawk-Eye, also a post office so named, and a newspaper so named, and as our state extended its limits this name Hawk-Eye went with it, so that all the citizens of Iowa are now called Hawk-Eyes.

The citizens of Black-Hawk purchase soon became tired of

Wisconsin rule, and desirous of a separate territorial government, which desire soon got into form; meetings were held at different points in each county, at which meetings names would be suggested for the proposed new territory; among which were Washington, Jefferson and Iowa. The people finally resolved to have a convention on the subject to ask congress for a separate organization. Consequently delegates were properly elected for that purpose from each county to meet in convention in Burlington, composed mostly of those who afterwards became members of our first territorial legislature, whose names can be seen on page 450 of the ANNALS.

The delegates selected by the people for the convention met in Burlington in October, 1837, were properly organized, and decided upon asking congress for a separate territorial government. Several names for the territory were presented, the most prominent among which were Washington, Jefferson and Iowa. And after considerable debating, skill, log-rolling, &c., Iowa was decided upon for the name of the future territory. A memorial or petition in due form was adopted by the convention asking congress to pass an act at its next session to establish the territory of Iowa.

The memorial was properly presented and favorably received by congress, and an act passed establishing the territory of Iowa. And on the third day of July, 1838, Black-Hawk purchase became a separate organized territory under the name of Iowa, and in a few years became the State of Iowa, showing most remarkable and speedy strides from occupancy by Indians, buffalo and elk, to a populous, enterprising and flourishing State of the Union.

It is probable the annals of history has no record of so remarkable and rapid progress as here shown, or with equal intelligence, industry and enterprise. And when we reflect upon its manufacturing interests, its vast resources, commercial and agricultural, fertility of soil, and with its navigable streams and railroads, the constant influx of emigrants from almost every country and clime, and from nearly every State of the Union, we can not but admit, and exclaim, great is Iowa!

The ancient mounds and fort referred to, are on the high bluff overlooking the Iowa river, and about two miles from its mouth. Three of these mounds, as is usual wherever found, are larger than the others. In all of them that have been opened for curiosity or when improving the adjoining grounds, the mouldering remains of human skeletons are found, which rapidly decompose on exposure to the air. And to judge from the size of the bones, the persons of the bodies deposited in those mounds, were of a size and race larger than the people of the present day. The fort or ground enclosed by an embankment is near the mounds, and four or five feet high in 1835 and '36, and appeared to have been the work of a civilized people. It was an irregular circle with eight projecting angles equi-distant, and so arranged, if it was a fort, to have enabled the besieged or occupants to command or rake the outside of every portion of the walls, and to expose the besieging party to a cross fire from within whatever should be the point of attack.

In and about it were found various kinds of tools made of a hard brown stone, also pieces of earthenware in great abundance, and in excavations near by, digging cellars, wells, &c., pieces of wood, and pieces of burned wood, coal, &c., were found.

I will not trouble your readers with any lengthy opinions in relation to the origin of these mounds, places of worship, or forts, here or elsewhere, or of the people who constructed them, as it has been done, and can be done by persons better qualified for the task than myself. But it may truly be said that the discovery of them has been a loss by being discovered, by the destruction of the various articles therein found; some valuable specimens of statuary being broken to pieces to discover what kind of stone or material it was made of. In one case it is said a bust representing a man holding a bowl with a fish in it, constructed of a kind of very fine stone or marble. I say it is truly to be regretted that such depredation and destruction of them throughout the country has been permitted, and of places where solemn and

impressive rites and ceremonies have so often been performed, and the bard, the orator, and the teacher of good has so often been heard. No historian has, or can give us the names of the great chieftians whose ashes are disturbed in those mounds. No poet's song handed down to us in which their exploits are recorded, nor history has not and cannot inform us who were their priests, their orators, their ablest statesmen or their greatest warriors; yet we are satisfied that the great and the good were among them, and that this destruction of the evidences thereof should not be permitted.

It is said that these mounds, altars, forts or tumula of different kinds found in Europe, Asia and America, are similar in the mode of construction, and similar articles found therein. This similarity of those ancient works almost all over the world, indicates that all men sprung from one common origin. And that these ancients were occupants of America for a very long time, appears evident from these ancient works.

It is noticeable that in Europe and Asia as well as in America, these ancient works are usually found near a river or some prominent location, and that they were a very numerous people in America is evident from the immense number of their mounds and burial places between the Atlantic and Pacific ocean, containing millions upon millions of skeletons. And for the support of such a great population, the inhabitants must have been generally engaged in agriculture, occupying the country back from the river, and those ancient works for that purpose, and that their dwellings were mostly of wood or tents, otherwise the ruins of their habitations would be found in this great country.

Hearths and fire-places are sometimes found in excavating the earth, resembling the hearths and fire-places of first settlers in the west. Around them are found shells, bones of animals and pieces of earthen-ware, and in the mounds near by human bones and skeletons are found. It is supposed that from the depth of these remains of chimneys and fire-places below the present surface of the earth, and on which on their discovery, was trees as old and as large as the trees

of forests, we must conclude that thousands of years have elapsed since these hearths were deserted, and the wells near by have ceased to allay the thirst of the wearied. Although shovels, spades, axes, and other tools made of iron, have not been found near these ancient works, yet it is supposed by some of the searchers into antiquities, that tools made of iron were then used, and that by lying on or under the earth during all this long period, they have become oxydized and wasted away by rusting.

In conclusion I will say that the antiquities of our country deserve and should receive the attention of all historians.

[To be continued.]

INCIDENTS OF PRISON LIFE IN 1862.

BY E. M. VAN DUZER,

LATE MAJOR TWELFTH IOWA INFANTRY.

On the 6th and 7th days of April, 1862, at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., there was fought one of the bloodiest as well as most decisive battles of the late war of rebellion. Forts Henry and Donelson, the former situated on the Tennessee river and the latter on the Cumberland, just below the little town of Dover, had fallen. These with other important victories won for the Union cause had filled all loyal hearts with joy, and in an equal degree plunged the rebels into gloom. They were saved from despondency by the characteristic self-sufficiency of their leaders, in whom were united the personal courage of the brave, and an intenser fanaticism than that they affected to despise in their northern adversaries. To repair their ill-fortune and recover by a brilliant success the prestige they had lost by defeat, the rebels had concentrated the flower of their army under their most skillful generals at Corinth, Miss., for a movement against our army upon the Tennessee river. Almost the entire force of Union troops that participated in the capture of Donelson, had been transferred to the Tennessee river, and on board steamers transported to Pittsburg Landing, at which point the first troops

disembarked about the middle of March. Transports laden with infantry, artillery and cavalry, continued to arrive daily until on the 6th of April a force numbering about forty thousand men had been assembled. This army was under command in chief of Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant, and was encamped in thick woods on a defensive position, which a few hours labor with the spade and axe would have rendered impregnable.

On Friday evening April 4th, the enemy made a reconnoissance in force, driving in some of the outposts and capturing a few prisoners. The whole force of the enemy was at this time moving towards its position for offensive operations along the main road leading from Corinth to Pittsburg, through a country traversed by deep ravines, along which flowed small water-courses margined by swampy bottom lands, which recent heavy rains had rendered almost impassible for trains or artillery.

At daylight on Sunday morning, April 6th, the enemy moved upon our position, capturing or rapidly driving in the outposts, and completely surprising many of the regiments in their camps. Our line of battle hastily formed, extended in its general contour, with the usual breaks and deflections from regularity necessitated by the topography of the field, in a semicircle from Lick creek on the left to Snake creek just above the town of Pittsburg on the right. The 2d division under Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, on the left of which was the 1st brigade, consisting of the 2d, 7th, 12th and 14th regiments Iowa Infantry Volunteers, commanded by Col. J. M. Tuttle, was posted to the right of the 6th division under Gen. Prentiss. During a part of the day the 8th regiment Iowa Infantry under Col. J. L. Geddes, which belonged to the 4th division, was detached at the request of Gen. Prentiss and posted in the break between the 2d and 6th divisions, thus bringing five Iowa regiments together. These regiments participated in some of the hardest fighting of the day, and in conjunction with several regiments of the 6th division farther to the left which formed part of the number afterwards captured, held

their position during the entire day with such slight changes of direction as were necessitated by the changes in the line of attack. Under the vigorous assaults of the enemy our long and unsupported line wavered and recoiled. The two wings were gradually folded back upon each other, each wing swinging from a point near the center of the general line. Our brigade (the 1st of the 2d division,) and a few regiments upon our immediate left, were thus left on nearly the same ground we first occupied in the morning. About half-past four o'clock P. M., orders were received to "fall back slowly and in good order." The movement was immediately commenced but before we had proceeded a hundred rods we were compelled to engage the enemy, now rushing upon us from front flank and rear. Repulsing those in our front we again hastened on across open ground under a galling fire from infantry and artillery, until our way was completely hedged up by a solid line of battle of the enemy formed between us and the main line of our own army. Many of our bravest men and officers fell in this tardy attempt to withdraw an isolated body of troops from a position which might have been abandoned without loss or detriment at an earlier hour.

It was now about half past five o'clock in the evening, the sun was low in the west; the rattle of musketry and confusion of battle were almost hushed; the running hither and thither of half-distracted men separated from their commands and not knowing what to do or whither to go; excited groups of field and line officers hurriedly, almost frantically discussing the possibilities of cutting their way out, and the stern yielding to fate on the part of men and officers, as the hopelessness of escape forced itself on our minds—the signal of surrender—the clanging of muskets thrown spitefully upon the ground; the exulting commands of rebel officers as they hurry us to the rear. All these scenes transpire in a few brief moments, and we realize that we are "prisoners of war."

To troops that hold a position gallantly and against fearful odds during slow hours freighted with death and carnage—who, in the intervals between repulse of the enemy and the

quickly succeeding attack, with a grim patience that verges as the moments creep on, towards the dull sensation of indifference—almost of despair, mark the lines of fire swinging together in their rear, thrusting them out into the midst of the overwhelming numbers of an enemy flushed with a victory already won—to such troops, who still “wait for orders” that come too late, it seems unkind that they should be reported captured so early in the day as to rob them of the little a beaten soldier has to console himself with—the honor of duty bravely done. But so it was decreed for us, and so it has passed into history, and to many the correction will never come.

I am not able to state with accuracy the number of prisoners captured in the first day's fight. Nearly a score of regiments and batteries from at least six different States were represented among the prisoners. The 3d, 8th, 12th, 14th and 15th Iowa Infantry, were largely represented, the 8th, 12th and 14th having been captured nearly entire, deducting the losses in killed and wounded during the day, which was a large percentage of their effective strength when they took position in line of battle in the morning. Many of the wounded were recaptured by our own army on the second day, among whom was Col. J. J. Woods of the 12th. All who were able to walk were hurried out seven or eight miles on the Corinth road, and corraled in an old corn-field two or three acres in extent, with a double line of guards around the whole field. The ground was soft and damp, and weary and footsore the exhausted prisoners huddled together in groups around rail fires we had been permitted to build, lamenting the disaster that had befallen our gallant army, recounting the incidents that had fallen under the notice of representatives from the different commands, with serio-comic expressions, bewailing personal losses and discomforts, and with a surprising unanimity uttering unsparing criticisms upon the lack of generalship which had characterized all the movements of our army from the disembarkation of the first troops at Pittsburg Landing down to the close of the first

day's battle, in which we had been most terribly defeated. We had made no provision for such a *dénoûement*, and blankets and baggage were where we had left them in the morning when we had marched forth little suspecting the fate which the evening held in store for us. To add to our discomfort a violent storm of rain—a phenomenon apparently as invariable in its occurrence after a heavy engagement as the burying of the dead—set in about midnight and continued until break of day. Our fires were extinguished; we moved about to shake off the drowsiness that would steal over us, and which could only be gratified by subjecting oneself to the peril of being trampled to death—the soft surface of the field had been churned by the constant moving about of so many hundreds to the consistency of thin mud, and the morning was welcomed as the rain ceased, and the light of day seemed to revive the fatigued body and cheer the depressed spirits. At an early hour a scanty supply of Confederate hard bread was doled out to us, and orders were passed around to form in line preparatory to marching. The officers and men of the different commands got together as well as they were able, and while we were thus forming, a commotion was observed among the regiment that had been assigned to the duty of guarding us on the march to Corinth, and presently a small force of rebel cavalry dashed by on the main road “towards the rear,” and from that time on during the day we observed, and in hushed voices, as we pursued our weary march along the muddy road, commented upon the appearances of haste and excitement that characterized all the movements of our guard, and from these indications we drew the cheering inference that the “boys in blue” were retrieving the disaster of the previous day, and from our hearts silent prayers ascended that victory might perch upon our banner, and the loyal heart of the nation once more be raised in rejoicing.

We arrived in Corinth a little before dark on the 7th April. Rain commenced falling soon after our arrival, and continued all night. We were without shelter except such as could be

obtained by between two and three thousand men, on the platform of the railroad depot. Our physical discomforts, however, were of slight moment. Heavy thoughts occupied our minds. Suspense as to the results of the second day's battle, seemed uppermost—then succeeded thoughts of home and the dear ones to whom our fate must remain unknown for days, perhaps weeks, but we knew our heaviest thoughts were light compared with the dread suspense of the sorrow-stricken ones as they should peruse the unsatisfactory, mocking reports that always declare the fate of the captured—"wounded and a prisoner," or simply "taken prisoner," leaving fancies of rigid features cold in death, and beloved forms buried by hostile hands in unknown and unhonored graves to visit their breaking hearts, or horrible visions of mangled and bloody limbs to disturb their midnight repose.

The night was spent by our captors in getting cars ready to transport us, whither we knew not. At early dawn the embarkation commenced. The men were promiscuously driven into freight cars, which were packed to their utmost capacity, and the doors shut until the trains should get in motion. A scene transpired during the embarkation which seems worth relating. Among the troops at this time in Corinth, was a company of young "bloods" from New Orleans. They were gorgeously attired—plush and velvet had been unsparingly sacrificed in getting them up. It is scarcely necessary to remark that they had not participated in the fighting of the previous two days. As several officers of the 12th Iowa were standing on the platform of the depot, surrounded by these military "Crichtons" our cars were saluted with undertone exclamations in a foreign language, and directing our attention towards the quarter whence they proceeded, we saw suspicious and somewhat timorous glances directed at Capt. Edgington of "A" Company, whose back was turned towards them, and from whose sword belt was suspended a "Colt's" navy revolver. Capt. E. being the senior officer of the 12th after Col. Woods had been wounded, had assumed command of the regiment, and had surrendered

to the rebel Gen. Polk, in person, who had granted him permission to retain his side arms. His sword had been taken from him on the previous evening, upon arriving at Corinth, but he had been permitted still to retain his revolver. Had a whole battery been brought to bear upon them from some covert in the surrounding forest, scarcely greater commotion could have been created than was manifested at the sight of the Captain's "navy." The peril with which Corinth and all rebeldom seemed at the instant to be menaced, was communicated to a Major somebody, who seemed to be the superior officer of these creole "bummers," and he required the Captain to deliver the offending weapon into his hands—to be transferred undoubtedly to his own holster, with which requirement the Captain complied—of course *under duress*.

There not being a sufficient number of freight cars, a few passenger cars were attached, and a large part of the officers were assigned to them. The embarkation completed the trains moved off upon the Memphis and Charleston road towards Memphis. Among the prisoners were officers of every grade from Brig. General to 2d Lieutenant. Gen. Prentiss was the only general officer that had been captured, and he was among the first to lay aside the distinctions of rank, and his example was generally imitated. And such a party of officers! Dilapidated, moist, muddy and "gritty;" in their appearance and bearing they fully realized the description, "ragged, fat and saucy,"—a good deal fatter, though not so ragged as they were destined to be a few months hence, but in the quality and quantity of "grit," the losses in all other directions were fully repaired. During our ride to Memphis we were securely guarded, and treated with sufficient consideration so far as being allowed free locomotion within the crowded cars was concerned. We could stand, sit or lie down as best suited our pleasure, assuming all risks ourselves, however. About the middle of the day a side of bacon and a box of hard tack was brought into each car—the first food we had received since the morning of the previous day.

Upon arriving in Memphis we were received by a large concourse of interested spectators, and not a few glances of sympathy greeted us from the sea of faces that lined the streets along which we passed. We were distributed about the city to the quarters assigned to us. The party in which I had the fortune to be included, were quartered in the third story of a warehouse on Front street. Towards midnight our craving stomachs were treated to a homeopathic allowance of mouldy hard bread, and the treatment here begun continued after the same school, throughout our imprisonment. There was a small room partitioned off in the story of the building occupied by us, in which, among some cast-off furniture that indicated that the building had been used for a Masonic Lodge room, Lieut. L. W. Jackson of "H" Company, 12th Iowa, found a small American flag. After covertly displaying the treasure to all, Lieut. J. divested himself of his clothing and wrapped the flag around his body. The little flag thus concealed from rebel eyes, was worn by the Lieutenant until he died at Macon, Georgia, in June following, when Lieut. N. E. Duncan of the 12th, who was his faithful friend and attendant, took possession of it and retained it until released. This flag is now in the possession of Mrs. Jackson, and seems, from its history to be worthy of a place in the museum of the Historical Society.

On the morning of the 9th, we were placed on board cars on the Mississippi Central Railroad destined for Mobile. Previous to starting we sang our farewell in such songs as "The Star Spangled Banner," "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," "John Brown," and "Happy Land of Canaan," and the crowd outside seemed to enjoy the singing very much. Their enjoyment was not owing I presume to any want of loyalty to the rebel cause, probably it arose wholly from the peculiar style of the music, which was vigorous if it lacked cultivation. I make no question as to the propriety of indulging in such songs under the circumstances, though they had an excellent effect, at least upon the prisoners. A cordial hearty sympathy and intimacy was inspired which even

a common misfortune might not so soon or so fully have developed. The dear old songs—reminders of home and country, and flag—the hearty, and sometimes hard times of camp, march and bivouac, drew us nearer together and cemented our hearts in a bond of unity, caused them to throb with accelerated pulsations, and the eye to overflow with manly tears, and as eye spoke to eye and heart answered heart while the soul-stirring words made the welkin ring again, then entered deep down in the soul of each, a resolve, which months of suffering and deprivation could not crush out, to bear our future fortune, whatever of ill it might bring to us, with a cheerful courage and fortitude. There was strength for us in those dear old songs—a strength somewhat owing, I dare say, to the fact that we felt a little defiant and desperate, and they seemed to take off the “wire edge” and tone us down into a more stable mood of tranquility. Tranquil it behooved us to be, for we knew that the duration of our imprisonment, owing to the views that prevailed at Washington relative to the recognition of the Confederates as belligerents, was altogether uncertain, and might be commensurate with the duration of the war itself, and so a philosophical determination to accept the situation was the only sensible mood. And so we journeyed on into the heart of “Dixie,” leisurely enough to be sure, for it seemed the purpose of those who had the direction of matters, to make a menagerie of us for the especial benefit of all the sallow-faced women, cadaverous men and tow-headed children along the route—a crowd of whom was congregated as for some grand gala occasion at every station, all engaged in hurrahing, snuff-dipping or swearing, and some seeming to exercise all three of these accomplishments at the same time. At some of these places the natives would insist upon an exchange of views on war matters, and considerable sharp sparring took place, the barbarous dialect of the poor white trash giving a piquancy to such discussions.

At one of the smaller stations near the central part of the State a scene transpired which amused those of the prisoners who witnessed it, and furnished a sobriquet for the hero of

the incident, which he bore during the future months of imprisonment. A crowd had as usual assembled to witness the "Yanks." Prominent upon the platform of the depot, with arms akimbo, and attitude indicative of conscious prowess stood a woman beyond the prime of life, and evidently regarded by those who surrounded her as the prospective heroine of some tragedy about to be enacted. An expectant look sat upon the faces of the crowd as the train rolled up to the depot and came to a full stop, as the forward platform of the officers' car reached a point opposite the waiting Amazon. Major Wm. M. Stone of the 3d Iowa, (late Gov. Stone,) stood upon the platform when the train stopped, and he was immediately accosted by the old lady in the refined dialect of her class, with a challenge to "bring out the best and biggest man yer've got, and I'll whip him in less nor half a minit,—I'm just the woman as can do that there thing." In some surprise, but with an air of amusing sincerity, the Major remarked that there were some pretty heavy men aboard, but that they might object to so ungallant a thing as a contest with a lady. The "lady" protested that all scruples founded on courtesy to the sex might be laid aside, she could "whale the best man in the crowd," if she was a woman. The Major never loth to enjoy a joke, and seeing a good opportunity to promote one, said to the woman: "Did you know, Madam, that Horace Greeley is aboard?" The fire was in the old lady's bones in an instant, she pressed eagerly forward to the very edge of the platform, exclaiming with curses and very vigorous billingsgate, of which she had a remarkable command, "What? that old devil! Bring the wretch out yere, and let me get my claws onter him!" Now, among the officers was a genial Missourian, who could make or take a joke with equal good humor,—Lieut. Col. Quinn Morton of the 23d Missouri Infantry, considerably over six feet in his stockings, and large in proportion. The Major stepped into the car, and quietly up to the Colonel who was seated on the side opposite the depot and near the rear, and said: "Colonel, there is a lady on the platform who wishes to see you." Hast-

ily running over in his mind the list of his lady acquaintances, to see if he could single out one who would be likely to be "in those parts," the Colonel with great alacrity obeyed the summons, and the Major leading the way, passed out upon the platform. The Colonel's height compelled him to stoop as his form emerged through the door, which seemed scarcely to admit of his egress, and as his tall presence loomed up before the astonished gaze of the lady who wished to see him, the Major introduced him to the virago as "Hon. Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune." With mouth wide open, eyes extended, and hands uplifted, the discomfited "heroine" exclaimed: "That Horace! Wal, stranger, I reckon I'll have ter back out of that ere fight," and the old lady subsided into the dense crowd of spectators amid roars of laughter from both sides. The Colonel took the joke with imperturbable good nature, and from that time forth, was familiarly addressed by his prison associates as "Greeley."

POWESHEIK, WAPASHASHEIK AND KISKEKOSH.

A CHAT WITH COLONEL TROWBRIDGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

These Indian chiefs belonged to the Musquaka or Fox tribe. Their villages, in 1837, when I first settled in Iowa, were on the banks of the Iowa River, in what is now Pleasant Valley and Iowa City Townships, Johnson County.

POWESHEIK was of large size—his weight could not have been less than 250 pounds—fat, heavy, lazy and a drunkard whenever he could get whisky, and that was frequently; but honest, brave and just. His word was sacred. A gift was also a sacred thing long to be remembered with gratitude. He was slow to arouse to active work, but when fully aroused, was a man of energy and power while the stimulus that awakened him remained. The leading qualities of his mind seemed to be truthfulness and a sense of justice. All in all, he was rather a noble specimen of the American savage. He was the chief of the tribe.

WAPASHASHEIK, the second in command, was tall and thin; inclined to justice, honesty and sobriety. He was a man of far less force of character than Powesheik, by whom he was controlled; managed his own village very well, but all weighty or difficult matters were referred to the head chief. Of him little more than this can be said.

KISKEKOSH was not a chief, but a prominent man—a war leader. A self-constituted leader of portions of the tribe; not recognized as a chief, but as a strong and influential man, and an aspirant for leadership. He was rather a remarkable Indian, but the very opposite of Powesheik in many particulars. Tall, straight, active, a swift runner—of great muscular power—the master in every athletic test with his tribe, and possessed of the most perfect figure and physical development I ever saw. Was of sober habits, fluent in speech (to his people) and eloquent. A fine natural orator, he had, for a time, great influence with his tribe, but commanded less respect with the traders and settlers than his cotemporary chiefs, for in character he was cunning, sharp, dishonest, mean, treacherous, and a liar. Little good can be told of him.

These were the great men of the Fox Indians at that time. Powesheik was then about forty years of age, and Kiskekosh probably about ten years younger.

HOW POWESHEIK ADMINISTERS JUSTICE AND RULES HIS TRIBE.

One summer a horse had strayed or been stolen from a remote neighborhood. The owner follows his trail into the neighborhood of the Indian villages. Calls upon the settlers in the vicinity of the villages, but can get no further clue to it. He suspects that it is in possession of the Indians. Calls upon Powesheik early in the morning, and through an interpreter states his case. The chief knows nothing of it, but will investigate it. *Immediately* he issues an order, which is spread with great rapidity, that no man or person shall leave the village until *further ordered*. Not a soul dared to, or did go. The owner describes his beast; is sent through the camp, with an escort, in search of it; finds and points it

out very readily. The Indian owner is examined—*i. e.* the avowed owner—but can give no satisfactory explanation of his ownership. The horse is passed over to the white man, and the Indian made to pay him liberally for his trouble and expense in hunting him, which is assessed upon his annuity from government. The owner is thereupon dismissed satisfied, and the thief is now taken in hand by the chief and punished for his dishonesty.

Had the encampment or village been walled in, or sentinels posted, it would not have been more secure in retaining every denizen at home until the search was over, than was the imperious word of Powesheik to his people.

JOHN GILBERT.

John Gilbert—the trader among this tribe at this time—I knew well; made his acquaintance soon after my arrival, in 1837; became intimate with him, and, to a great extent, shared his confidence. His real name was John W. Prentice, a cousin of George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal. He was a remarkable man for the position he occupied. A fine scholar and an excellent business man. Far above the average of men in scholarly acquirements and business capacity. Was a native of the State of New York. Lost heavily in canal contracts. That, together with a train of other serious troubles, induced him to abandon his home at Lockport, N. Y., and to a change of name and business. He entered the service of the Green Bay Trading Company at some point in Michigan (then a territory). Learned the Indian language; secured the confidence of the company by his capacity, faithfulness and integrity; was sent to various points among the Indians to establish branch posts; in that capacity came among the Foxes on the Iowa. Died in March, 1839. A few years afterwards his remains were disinterred from their first resting place near his old trading house, by a few of his old friends, among whom were Eli Myers, S. H. McCrory, Philip Clark, Henry Felkner, A. D. Stephens and others, and transferred to the village grave yard. It was our intention then, and for a long time afterward, to erect a suitable monument

at his grave; but it was neglected from year to year, and was never done. Finally, some miscreant, for some purpose, perhaps for fire-wood, removed the wooden slabs from his grave, and among the rapidly multiplying graves of the now city cemetery, his was lost. No one can now tell the exact spot where rests the ashes of the first white man that trod the soil of Johnson County.

**OFFICERS OF THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA
FOR THE YEAR 1868.**

President—Robert Hutchinson.

Vice Presidents—Prof. S. M. Fellows, Rev. Wm. Emonds, Hon. Elipalet Price, Anson Hart, Capt. Solomon Shepherd, Hon. John F. Dillon.

Corresponding Secretary—Sanford W. Huff, M. D.

Recording Secretary—S. E. Paine.

Treasurer—H. S. Welton.

Librarian—C. T. Clark.

Board of Curators—Hon. Geo. W. McCleary, M. W. Davis, Frederick Lloyd, M. D., John P. Irish, Moses Bloom, Wm. Vogt, M. D., G. W. Dodder, Prof. S. S. Howell, Gov. S. J. Kirkwood, Col. S. C. Trowbridge, Walter Hoyt, Prof. E. M. Guffin, Henry Murray, M. D., Wm. Crum, Hon. F. H. Lee, Chas. W. Hobart, Hon. R. S. Finkbine.

President of the Board—Hon. Geo. W. McCleary.

CORRECTION.—In the October Number, 1867, page 959, in the list of officers of the Iowa Institution for the Blind, General James L. Geddes' name is incorrectly printed Rev. instead of General.

Attractive Reading for Home and School.

PUBLISHED BY

LEE & SHEPARD,
149 Washington Street, Boston.

Sold by all Booksellers, and sent by Mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER OPTIC'S BOOKS.

New Series, Now Publishing.

THE STARRY FLAG SERIES—To be completed in six volumes. Illustrated. Per vol., \$1.25. The Starry Flag; Breaking Away; Seek and Find, (now ready). Others in preparation.

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD—A Library of Travel and Adventure in Foreign Land, 16mo, illustrated by Stevens, Perkins and others. Per vol., \$1.50. First Series. Outward Bound, or Young America Afloat. Tenth edition. Now ready. Shamrock and Thistle, or Young America in Ireland and Scotland. Just ready.

ARMY AND NAVY STORIES—A Library for Young and Old, in six volumes. 16mo., illustrated. Per vol., \$1.50. The Soldier Boy; The Young Lieutenant; Fighting Joe; The Sailor Boy; The Yankee Middy; Brave old Salt. 75,000 copies of this series already sold.

WOODVILLE STORIES—Uniform with Library for Young People. Six volumes. 16mo., illustrated. Per vol., \$1.25. Rich and Humble; In School and out; Watch and Wait; Work and Win; Hope and Have; Haste and Waste.

FAMOUS "BOAT-CLUB" SERIES—Library for Young People. Handsomely illustrated. Six volumes, in neat box. Per vol., \$1.25.

RIVERDALE STORY BOOKS—Twelve volumes. Profusely illustrated from new designs by Billings. In neat box, cloth; per vol., \$0.45. Comprising Little Merchant; Young Voyagers; Christmas Gift; Dolly and I; Uncle Ben; Birthday Party; Proud and Lazy; Careless Kate; Robinson Crusoe, jr.; The Picnic Party; The Gold Thimble; The Do-Somethings.

NEW JUVENILES.

ROSA ABBOTT STORIES—A new series by Mrs. R. A. Parker, to be completed in six volumes. Illustrated. Per vol., \$1.00.

"HELPING HAND" SERIES—A new series by "May Mannering," to be completed in six volumes. Illustrated. Per vol., \$1.00.

THE JUTLAND SERIES—Four volumes. Illustrated. Per vol., \$1.50.

LITTLE PRUDY STORIES—By Sophie May. Now complete. Six volumes. 24mo., handsomely illustrated, in a neat box. Per vol., \$0.75.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Published weekly. Each number contains a part of a new story by OLIVER OPTIC, who writes for no other juvenile publication; an Original Dialogue; a Selected Exercise in Declamation; Shorter Stories, Anecdotes, History, Natural History, and the Sciences.

—The cheapest Magazine in America. Terms, \$2.50 per year, or 6 cents per number. Handsomely illustrated. Specimen copies sent by mail, free, on application to the publishers.

Full lists of our publications sent by mail on application. Particular attention paid to the furnishing of **Public and Private Libraries**. Jobbing being a feature of our business, we are prepared to fill orders with promptness and despatch.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers and Booksellers.

149 Washington St., Boston.

N. B. Any of the above books or any of the publications of Lee & Shepard can be had on application to
LUSE & GRIGGS, Davenport, Iowa.

CAPITAL STOCK, \$200,000.

INSURE WITH THE
National Insurance Co.
OF DAVENPORT, IOWA.

Don't be humbugged with the idea that you must go away from home for Insurance, any more than you would go down East for your groceries. The NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY is composed of stockholders selected from the best men in our State. Look at the list:

E. SMITH, Treasurer of Scott County Fair.
THOMAS SCOTT, Director 1st National Bank.
W. H. DECKER, Director 1st National Bank.
D. N. RICHARDSON, editor "State Democrat."
J. L. DAVIES, President Board of Supervisors.
W. W. PARKER, Vice President Savings Bank.
F. H. GRIGGS, wholesale books.
R. McINTOSH, capitalist.
G. MURRAY, President Union Cheese Company.
I. M. GIFFORD, President 1st National Bank.
T. K. FLUKE, Treasurer Scott County.
A. S. TIFFANY, wholesale tobacconist.
J. J. HUMPHREY, proprietor Scott House.
J. STRASSER, bookkeeper Citizens' Bank.
A. WARNEBOLD, Director Savings Bank.
G. H. FRENCH, French & Davies, steam mills.
R. LOWRY, steam elevator.
J. E. STEVENSON, wholesale druggist.
J. THOMPSON, Director 1st National Bank.
JOHN LAMBERT, Vice President Scott County Fair.
H. B. MATHEWS, wholesale grocer.
G. WEBER, carriage manufacturer.
G. W. SMILEY, dealer in stoves.
R. ALSTON, farmer.
A. STEFFEN, grain dealer.
A. P. LUSE, publishing house.
G. H. PARKER, attorney.
H. CARNAHAN, druggist.
G. G. HICKOX, proprietor Davenport House.
D. MOORE, Pioneer Bakery.
S. P. BRYANT, wholesale boots and shoes.
C. H. ELDRIDGE, Eldridge & Bro., land agents.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

W. W. PARKER, E. SMITH, W. H. DECKER, T. K. FLUKE,
THOS. SCOTT, A. WARNEBOLD, J. THOMPSON.

OFFICERS.

EDWIN SMITH, President.
THOMAS SCOTT, Vice President.
IRA M. GIFFORD, Treasurer.
CHARLES H. ELDRIDGE, Secretary.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILROAD

OPEN TO DES MOINES.

Great Passenger Route, with Unequalled Facilities.

**ONLY ROUTE FROM DES MOINES TO CHICAGO
Without Change of Cars.**

**TWO PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE DES MOINES DAILY,
Connecting at Chicago with all Trains East.**

TICKETS FOR SALE TO ALL THE PRINCIPAL POINTS EAST.

Fare as Low as by any other Route

SHIPPERS OF LIVE STOCK

Will take notice that a

STOCK EXPRESSTRAIN

Is run through from Des Moines to Chicago without change of cars. Time, twenty-seven hours.

MERCHANTS

Will have the advantage of all fast freight lines out of Chicago, through, from or to the East.

A. KIMBALL,
Ass't Supt., Davenport.

P. A. HALL, Ass't Gen. Supt., }
L. VIELE, Gen Freight Ag't, } Chicago.

POPULAR TEXT BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES SCRIBNER & COMPANY,

654 Broadway (between Bleecker and Bond Streets),

NEW YORK.

Guyot's Wall Maps for Schools, in Three Series,
Guyot's Series of Geographical Text-Books,
Guyot's Classical Maps.
Perce's Magnetic Globes,
Sheldon's Standard Works on Object Teaching,
Sheldon's First Reading Book,
Sheldon's Phonic Reading Charts,
Tenney's Manual of Zoology,
Tenney's Natural History of Animals,
Tenney's Natural History Tablets,
Felter's First Lessons in Numbers,
Felter's Primary Arithmetic,
Felter's Intermediate Arithmetic,
Felter's Commercial Arithmetic,
Felter's Practical Arithmetic (Complete),
Mrs. Kirkland's School Series,
Day's Rhetoric, Composition and Logic,
&c., &c., &c.


Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. also publish a large variety of

POPULAR AND STANDARD WORKS


By the best known American and foreign authors, among whom are **TIMOTHY TITCOMB** (Dr. J. G. Holland), **IK. MARVEL** (D. G. Mitchell), **J. T. HEADLEY** (author of Napoleon and his Marshals, &c., &c.), **Dr. HORACE BUSHNELL**, Dr. **W. G. T. SHEDD**, &c., &c. Their publications also include

LANGE'S COMMENTARY UPON THE BIBLE,

The most comprehensive and thorough work of the kind ever issued.

 Full Catalogues of the Publications of Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. will be sent to any address upon application.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.,
654 Broadway, New York.

 For introductory rates on Guyot's Geographies, application can be made to

LUSE & GRIGGS,
Davenport, Iowa.